

Smart

A pictorial digest
for modern women

15 CENTS

FEBRUARY

1941

A FERRIS PUBLICATION



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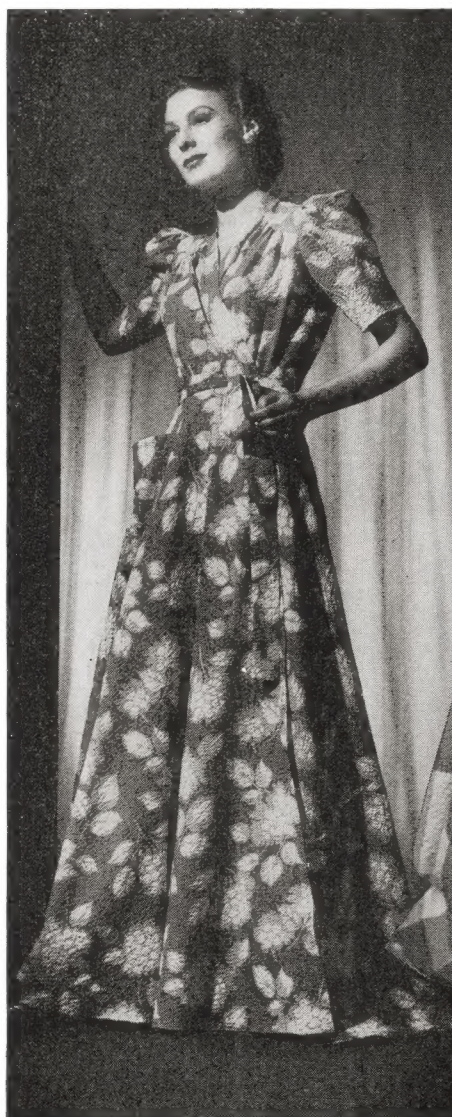
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Saybury brings you the cool comfort of airy cottons, and the charm of Saybury's original styling in these three new housecoats. Above: SWEET SUE. Very young and becoming—a zippered housecoat in muted pastels, outlined with eyelet embroidery from the top of the shoulder to the tip of the pocket. In Dresden blue, Blush rose, Aqua mist. Sizes 10 to 20. (Also in wrap-around model, sizes 12 to 42.) Below: COFFEE COAT. Smart wrap-around with generously flared skirt and softly shirred yoke, in a delicate, silvery spray print. In Primrose, Bluebell, Spring navy. Sizes 12 to 42. (Also in zipper model, sizes 12 to 20.) Large figure: HIGHLAND FLING. A glamorous, zippered housecoat of colorful plaid, with snugly-fitted midriff and tie-back. Wide, sweeping skirt. In King's navy, Regal purple. Sizes 10 to 20. (Also in wrap-around model, sizes 12 to 42.) All washable in Ivory flake suds. \$4⁰⁰

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Smart

A pictorial digest for modern women

VOL. I

NO. I

FEBRUARY, 1941

John Burkam Ferris,
Publisher

Marion White,
Editor

Robert Ames,
Advertising Director

On the front cover—

Photographs of the Lady in Lace, Lady on Skis and Orange Picking by Constance Bannister — Manhattan Skyline courtesy of American Airlines; *Tamaa* in Tahiti picture by John P. Tillery, through the cooperation of the Museum of Natural History, New York City.

The Lady in Lace, according to the staff of SMART, portrays the message of this magazine. She is what all smart women hope to be—and at a minimum of expense. Lace is news of the moment. We cannot import the lovely laces of Europe, so American manufacturers are trying to produce a native product, which will sell inexpensively, to glorify the lady of the meanest budget. Two yards of black laces and a handful of roses . . . what more does one need for an evening of glamour?

Manhattan Skyline is in tribute to our "Hostess of the Sky-Ways," whose interesting career will be followed in later issues.

There are two versions of "*Tamaa* in Tahiti"—one native and one modernized. The native buffet is our front cover illustration: the modernized table appears on page 17.

To Be Smart—Read SMART

SMART is a new Magazine for women, and, as its name implies, it is published with the intent of revealing to American women readers suggestions as to the smart things to do—to wear—and to enjoy.

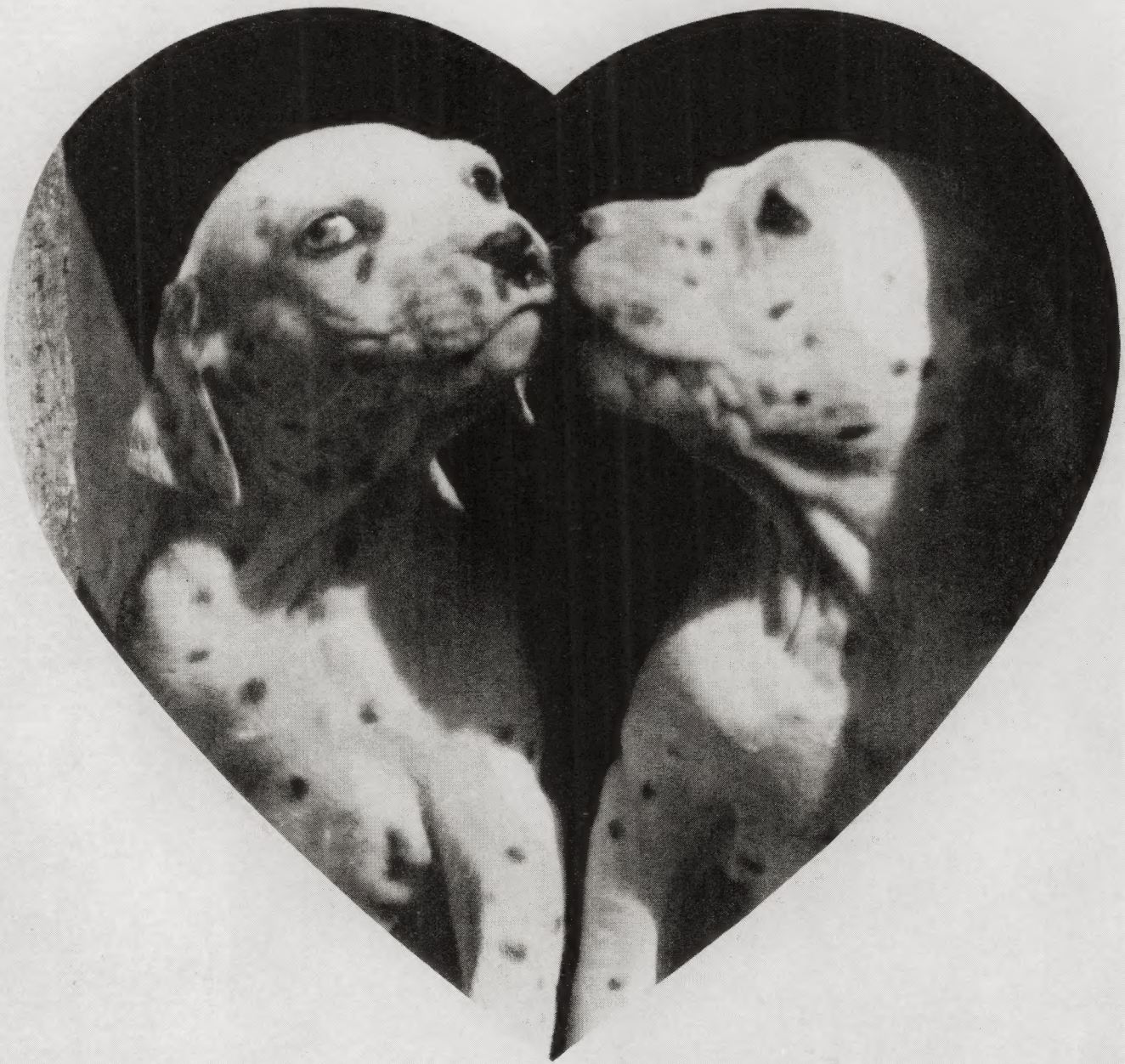
SMART is unique; its publishers have no association whatsoever with any other publications.

SMART will be different, and, as a friendly greeting for 1941, may we say to you—To Be Smart—Read SMART.

John Burkam Ferris
Publisher

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To My Valentine

H. Armstrong Roberts

YOU'LL ADORE THESE CLASSICS IN RIMINA

Styled by Lynbrook



“NEWSY”. . . but every inch wearable and the friendliest frocks you could pack into a trunk. Lynbrook classics steal the limelight because they look so right for every role. **Left:** TWO-TONE. Smart color combination in sunburst skirt with stripes to match the blouse. Copper and beige, Poilu blue and white, Dragon and Burma green. Sizes 10 to 20. **Right:** MASTERPRINT. An aristocratic monotone with piping on pockets, collar and closing. Pleats back and front. Airway blue, saddle tan, calla pink, Verdi green. Sizes 14 to 40. Zipper fastener in both dresses.

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Agnes Mengel Grew reports on women's likes and dislikes

In Response

"THOSE

The Women's Institute of Audience dislikes of women in the

By AGNES

MONTHS ago film folk had begun to worry. The most lucrative foreign film markets had been closed. Before war came, receipts from England were a substantial contribution to production cost; here our own government levied taxes, which raised movie-house admissions. No longer able to afford previous expenditures, producers faced a new problem. What was to be done about it?

Now box office figures are rising. Neither bad weather nor newspaper headlines nor taxes nor Hitler can daunt the American movie-going public, whose numbers can and will be increased through intelligent direction.

The Women's Choice

American women can make the movies. For them we have formed the *Women's Institute of Audience Reactions*—an American organized force of wives, mothers, daughters, mill-workers, office-women and schoolteachers. From Oregon to Alabama, from Boston to San Diego—we have gathered a group of cooperating members. Their prime qualification is ability and willingness to give their interested and intelligent opinions—after attending movies and listening to the radio—as to the kind of entertainment they like. This, therefore, is a cross-section of the Woman's Viewpoint throughout the country.

The *Institute* is not a complaint organization but a constructive force in Public Service Planning. It stands for one definite purpose: to interpret only the feel-

ings and reactions of the women of America on any subject.

Women, we learned, constitute from 65 to 80 percent of all movie customers. It is therefore their opinions which are of uppermost value to the producers and exhibitors.

Reaction of Audience

One thing our research has disclosed is that when attendance figures drop, movie producers can validly attribute the reason to their own inability to gauge in advance the *probable reaction of the audience* to a given production.

Pictures too often glorify *glamour*. No matter the story, no matter the type — one ravishing young beauty with one stalwart young hero, and you have a type of movie-presentation supposedly "sure-fire."

We have found that there are thousands of women — mature, wise leaders of families — who want something more in entertainment. These are our women. They look and think younger, but can confess to placement beyond the 30-year bracket. They are homemakers or job-workers. They listen to the radio and buy radio-advertised merchandise. They attend motion pictures generally as their most expensive entertainment. And they have willingly contributed their views to a scientifically conducted survey on what the matured mind wants.

The largest potential audience — for movie or magazine — is among this group of women. They

are, especially, women who do not belong to clubs. Club women, with their constant activity, have less time for diversion. Yet club

women through their organizations have raised their voices most frequently concerning the movies and radio and these are

Agnes Mengel Grew is one of the few women executives in the motion picture field. Because of her proven skill and competence, she had the honor of being named to negotiate the printing contract for the recent "MOTION PICTURES" GREATEST YEAR" in which all major companies joined in the promotion of a nationwide competition for movie-goers. Out of this promotion, she conceived the idea of a women's clearing house for entertainment ideas.

When motion picture exhibitors, distributors and producers put their heads together and bemoaned the serious drop in box office receipts, she went to the root of the trouble. Women with their children, she knew, comprised 65 percent of the motion picture audience. Why not go directly to them and see what was wrong?

Out of this idea, the Women's Institute of Audience Reactions was organized. Today it is an advisory board of more than 3500 women, which surveys women's likes and dislikes all over the country.

"If Mrs. Grew's organization can do this for the movies," said the publishers of SMART, "why not for a magazine? Why can't her field workers find out for us just exactly what women want to read for entertainment and enlightenment?"

Well, we did . . . and the opinion of the Institute has been our guide.

This first issue of SMART is the answer to what "THOSE OTHER WOMEN" all over America wanted.

We hope they will like it.

We're waiting, with bated breath, for their reaction.

—The Editor

No

”

OTHER WOMEN

Reactions investigates the likes and field of entertainment

MENGEL GREW

the only women who have greatly influenced both industries.

Our women are family purchasing agents. They are guiding mothers of young children. These women, as guardians of community life, know the recreational, educational and cultural needs and wants of themselves and their families, and they supply those wants and needs from their own control and distribution of the family budget.

What Do They Want?

Just what do women want in the way of entertainment? We inquired into that. They like drama, first of all. They like to see the problems of everyday life worked out in simple terms. They like the moral lesson of a story which they can interpret into their own lives.

They like musical shows, for entertainment. And they like the light comedy-dramas, in which the problems of life are treated in a whimsical, amusing vein. That, they can say to themselves, is not such a bad matter: once it happened to me, but see how funny it was after all.

Very definitely, however, women do not like war or horror pictures. The average do not like adventure pictures, unless they be worth-while historical sagas. "Northwest Passage," for example, was a favorite with most women. They considered it a historical drama rather than an adventure picture. It was the type of picture they believed would do their children good.

Concerning the horror pictures—and the too-wild Western,

women exert a tremendous influence in slowing down attendance because they keep their children away from such pictures.

As for myself, I have come to be conscious of the movie needs of those women who wish to see pictures in which they can find pleasant identification with the "glamour" of their own existence, rather than a superficial and unattainable "glamour." We all like lovely things, but they are not enjoyable if they are beyond our understanding or means of attainment.

I wish to see producers make a stronger effort to approach this greatest potential audience: that is why we are enlisting the aid of women in making their wants known.

Our surveys are not carried on in any hit-and-miss fashion. All answers are analyzed under the direction of Dr. Irving Lorge, executive director of the Institute of Educational Research, Teachers College. And according to Dr. Lorge, there is a striking correlation between types of pictures preferred by women and box office figures.

W.I.A.R. Proves Its Point

During one survey conducted by the W.I.A.R., for example, the pictures given the highest recommendations by our women, were the very same pictures which also ranked highest at the box office.

The idea, therefore, is sound. Any means of entertainment, *when approved by its audience*, will have a larger measure of success than when selected commercially by its producers.



H. Armstrong Roberts



WHETHER YOU CRUISE—OR WHETHER YOU STAY AT HOME
 These simple evening dresses will fit the in-between season
 and the after-Christmas budget

After Six

Choose a dinner dress that will pack easily
and travel in step with rising temperatures

By PRISCILLA PAGE

THE peak of the winter season is about over. The best parties are a memory. Our glamour dresses have been danced to death. We've settled down, most of us, to thoughts of what we will give up for Lent. Our greatest wardrobe worry is a new Easter coat.

Nevertheless, important events are always beyond the horizon. Some of us—lucky few—plan a Cruise. A few romantic ones expect That Particular Man in town for a few weeks. To dance with him, we can't possibly wear the old velvet we wore in November

... or the silver cloth which shone so gloriously on New Year's Eve.

A new evening dress at this time must not be too heavy, for we'll want to wear it on warmer evenings (definitely, if it's for the Cruise). We consider lace, therefore, and wisely, for lace is becoming important once more.

American lace, that is. Dress manufacturers have not been able to import much of the lovely European product. They looked—only in half hope—to the textile people and demanded: "What about some *real* American

lace?" The result was astonishing, even to the dress manufacturers.

"O.K.," was the reply. "We'll have to set up new machinery; we'll probably lose money, but you shall have a native product."

So they are here—interesting new laces of American cotton, at amazingly low prices. Domestic lace is a fashion first: we'll soon see it in everything from hats to shoes — bathing suits *not* excepted.

The lace dinner dress lends itself to much variation in accessories. On the Cruise, for ex-

ample, it may appear in a different disguise each night—with the corsage of orchids first, with a brilliant sash another time, with colorful jewelry from the first port of call.

However, if lace is news, silk crepe is eternal for the in-between season. Costumes with removable jackets continue to be popular, and the hostess dinner dress (really a glorified housecoat) becomes more exciting each season. The bachelor girl who entertains at "*dinner a deux*" knows its flattering, feminine allure.

Upper left (opposite): All-over lace is the ideal choice for travel because it packs into the tiniest compartment and always comes out on top. This lends itself to a variety of accessories, jeweled and flowered: moreover, it is priced below \$25 in most department stores.

Upper right: This short-sleeved formal of net and lace will enjoy many evenings—winter or summer—at home or abroad. For the pre-Lenten wedding, choose it for the bridesmaids. Priced, in department stores, below \$30.

Bottom, opposite page: From Jay-Thorp's budget shop (dresses under thirty dollars), we have selected two versions of the dinner dress—one for going out, a slim gown of champagne crepe with a band of brown and white embroidery edging the jacket—and a hostess gown of purple and chartreuse silk crepe, dramatic in color, with tremendous full sleeves and soft bodice atop a slim skirt, with a gold belt and pearl cluster buttons for glamour.

Right: Glowing desert shades and figure flattery recommend this Kal-Mour original of Celanese rayon jersey gayly printed with red and green cactus flowers on gold. Priced at approximately \$22.75 in department stores.





For Work

Forecasts for Spring indicate that colors will be bright, and accents lavish. Spun rayons, in pastel woolen textures, are favored for the every-day dress. Many wool flannels are being worn at Palm Beach, both for afternoon and evening, in white and pastels. Good-looking are the white flannel with military accents—the red, white and blue trim, the brass buttons, or the embroidered insignia. Plain colors—in early showings, seem to be running a little ahead of prints, with grays and blues in the foreground.

At the left is a L'Aiglon original in gray spun rayon, ideal for wear immediately, through the spring and summer. Good tailoring marks this dress, with the trim pleats and mannish slash pockets. Available in gray, copen and dove blue, dusty pink, wine and green; priced at approximately \$10.95 in most department stores.

The frocks at the right will fit many needs in the vacation wardrobe—one for afternoon tea or bridge, the other for spectator sports. In color, design and embroidery they follow the Latin American trend.

Right: Three colors and two fabrics are combined in this attractive two-piece sports dress from Charles Armour. Coral is the color of the Celanese rayon jersey sleeves, attached to a slip bodice with a dark brown skirt of Celanese rayon sharkskin. The jerkin of sharkskin is lime green. A matching burnoose turban of novelty hand-made natural straw (from Howard Hodge) is draped in brown and beige jersey scarfs. At most department stores, the dress is priced under thirty dollars.

Extreme right: White crochet embroidery makes the all-over pattern on this Daymour original in slate blue Celanese rayon crepe. Howard Hodge's white straw medallion hat complements the white floral motif of the dress. At most department stores, the dress is priced under twenty dollars.



— or Play

The trend in trimming and accessories follows the South American trend. Summer dresses will have their matching turbans, or they will have vivid, contrasting turbans with over-sized pocketbooks to match. Buttons and novelty jewelry are patriotic, or they are Hemispheric. Influences from Mexico are noticed, from Brazil and Chile and Argentina. Plain dresses in solid color are trimmed with exciting combinations of red and green and orange. Sports clothes are vivid and picturesque. The bolero is not forgotten; rather a wide sash is added, in contrast. The two-piece tailored dress is important, dramatized with color rather than frill.

At the right is another L'Aiglon original of spun rayon in one of the popular woolen textures. The huge patch pockets make it a comfortable business or school dress; the button-down-the-front effect make it easy to jump into. It is available in the pastel shades, including gray, and priced at approximately \$10.95 in department stores.



Whether you chase the sun or stay at home, these two Kay Dunhills at the left will fit many needs, now and right on through July and August.

Left: This one-piece shirtwaister has all the important two-piece effects. It comes in "Sanforized" chambray combined with gingham-checked seersucker, in either Palm tan or denim blue. Here is a dress one washes and irons at home, and the task is lightened by the button-down-the-front finish. Available at specialty shops and department stores, at approximately \$4.00.

Extreme left: Dogwood blossoms speak of Spring on this dress of Kay Cruise spun rayon. Pleated fullness toward the front make it comfortable, huge patch pockets make it convenient. The print is predominantly white, on two-toned backgrounds of leaf green, harebell blue and dawn grey. Available at specialty shops and department stores at approximately \$4.00.



Connie Bannister was no career woman—until she discovered what miracles a camera could perform.

YOU ask her all about this thing Success and she laughs. She's a very delightful person when she laughs, too—more like a youngster fresh out of high school than a commercial photographer who has toured Brazil on Official Business, whose color work appears on magazine covers and national advertisements and Sunday Supplement pages all over the country.

"It all started quite by accident," Constance Bannister tells you. "You see, somebody gave me a camera for a birthday present."

That was when she left Tennessee to study art in New York—not photographic art either, but dress and textile design.

It wasn't a very special camera, but it took some very splendid pictures. Or perhaps it was that

feeling for artistry which unconsciously created the background for a good picture.

She started on babies, and babies are not very adaptable subjects. They wriggle, they fret, they frown. But little Miss Bannister could talk their language.

There are lots of babies in Central Park, New York. She photographed a few, just for the fun of it. The pictures came out so well that she went back for more. This second time she was more business-like. She approached the mothers first.

"Madam," she inquired, "do you mind if I take a picture of your baby? I'm a commercial photographer, and I'd like to sell the picture to a magazine."

Permissions were readily granted. What mothers do not like to see their babies' pictures in magazines?

The little girl with the camera wasn't really a commercial photographer, but it seemed a good idea—on the spur of the moment. So she carried it out. She took her baby pictures around to some of the advertising agencies, to some of the commercial photography studios. And she sold them. From there, it seemed as if there might be a career in photography after all. Besides, it was fun. Lots more

fun than just going to school.

With the proceeds of the first few sales, she bought equipment. An older friend of hers was a camera addict, too, and this older woman developed all her own pictures. From her, Constance Bannister learned the elemental tricks. She joined camera clubs, met other people interested in the same hobby.

"It's wonderful," she says, "the ideas you can pick up from people interested in the same things you are."

She spent hours each day in her dark room. She read all the magazines; she wrote for all the sales literature. She took more pictures, and she sold them. The men in the advertising agencies were beginning to know her.

Her family began to worry. She was working too hard. Taking pictures was all right, if it amused you, but a girl couldn't spend all her life in a dark room! "Come down to Palm Beach for the winter," her sister urged, her sister being in the social whirl.

It seemed a good idea. New York did get pretty cold in January, especially to one raised in the Southland.

However, once a girl gives in to a career, even a little bit, it keeps a-nagging. A winter in Palm Beach would be wonderful—but

Miss Bannister toured South America with her camera, became official photographer and guest of the Brazilian government. Below, left: the Malecon at Buenos Aires, with a view of the famous River Platte. Right: loading coffee at Santos.



in Shadows

Constance Bannister a gift camera;
appear on magazine covers

Mooney

there were so many new tricks to try with her new camera. She could get this effect—and that effect—why, she might even try color! Down in Florida, with every gorgeous hue under the heavens. . . .

Color photography is a very expensive adventure. You can't go very far without money for equipment. Without earning money, that is, if you're bent on a career. But if one could go to Palm Beach, and earn money all the while. . . .

It was a good idea, worth trying at any rate.

Miss Bannister, commercial photographer, presented her card to the very austere manager of the Associated Press in New York. She showed samples of her work. The A.P. is not interested in amateurs, she knew. But her pictures spoke for themselves. Her babies — those first babies from Central Park—pleaded that she be given this opportunity. So she went to Palm Beach, as society photographer for the Associated Press. She took pictures of the best people and of their children. She was earning a good salary and expenses. She bought that color camera.

Back in New York the next summer, she thought of other assignments. Photography could be fun, if you did it the right way. Imagine, for example, if you could get an assignment to go

all around the entire world!

She didn't get that exactly. But she did discover an advertising agency which was considering sending a man (a real photographer, mind you) down to Brazil on the maiden voyage of the S.S. Brazil. This was the newest ship of the Moore-McCormick Lines, the "Good Neighbor Fleet." It was a pretty important matter. The government was sending down a very representative committee — two or three admirals, an Ambassador, half a dozen Congressmen. This photographer—well, he'd have to be something special.

Again the babies pleaded. Added to their appeal were the proofs from Palm Beach, evidence of the A. P. assignment.

"I'm an official photographer," said Miss Bannister. "Does this look like the work of an amateur?"

No, it didn't. She sailed on the maiden voyage of the S.S. Brazil, with all her cameras.

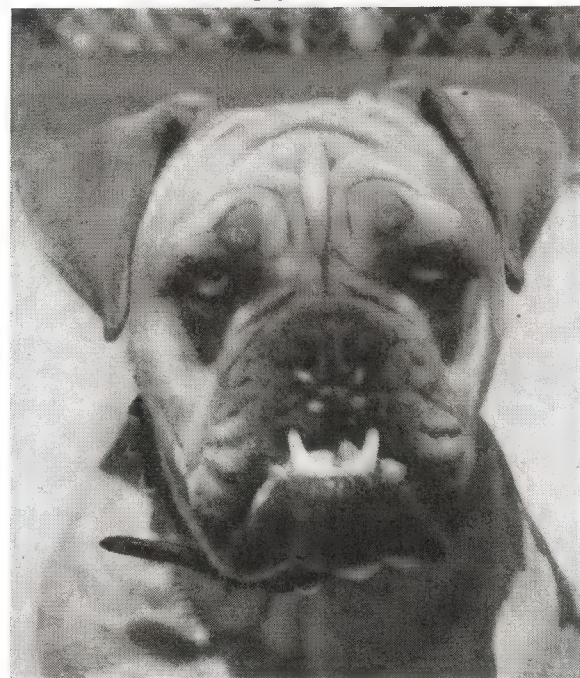
You met the best people on official business, she soon learned. Admirals were just men you danced with on the boat deck after dinner. Congressmen were people who told jokes at the dinner table. The Little Girl with the Camera dances very nicely, and her sense of humor can match any Congressman's—Democrat or Republican. The

(Continued on page 63)

Here is the beautiful city and harbor of Rio de Janeiro, seen from the mountains.



Studies in Human Interest . . .
Above: Soap gets in your eyes



Don't judge a fellow by appearance
Below: "What birdie, missie?"





10

"SHE'S got him in the hollow of her hand." What a grand place to have your man! No trouble getting him there, either, with hands as lovely as these.

But perhaps the two you were born with aren't perfection. Never mind, you can still win. Go for character and poise. They're the two things that matter most. And you can develop both of them, no matter what kind of hands you have to start with.

The "language of the hands" is more than a romantic squeeze in the dark. Hands give away your character, as plainly as a tattletale. Much more than your face does, for they're rarely on guard. They tell whether you're nervous and excitable, or calm and serene; careless or quick-tempered.

It's all in the way you groom them, in the way you manage them, and the flexibility you develop in those tiny finger muscles.

Here are a few *Don'ts* to remember, if you want your hands to speak strongly in your favor:

Don't fidget. (You're ill at ease, your hands say clearly.)

Don't flutter. (You're vague and uncertain.)

Don't keep hands in a tight fist. (You're a worrier.)

Don't keep reaching for your hair or your face. (Lack of confidence is what that says—you want something to cling to!)

Don't Fidget

Now for the *Do's*: Hold your hands lightly clasped, if you're a chronic fidgeter. Practice letting them "go limp" from the elbows down. Then clasp them in the lap completely "at ease."

The "flinging" exercise is the best relaxer in the world. Let wrists go limp, then fling hands out from wrist, shaking them so that fingers snap against each other.

Aimlessness—wandering hands—will disappear as you develop flexibility. No, typing isn't enough. It sets certain muscles to

work, passes others up. You're out to get them all. Here's a good limberer:

Press index finger against a table edge and bend back until it tingles. Repeat with each finger in turn.

The Clammy Clasp

The sponge exercise is a good one for banishing clammy handclasp—and general hand flabbiness: Hold a large, flat sponge in both hands. Raise each finger as far as it will go, then press down until sponge is flat against hand. This exercise can of course be done without the sponge, but be sure you press the fingers firmly against the hand, so that the strain is felt all through the finger.

Now for grooming. Chances are right at this minute your hands need a thorough spring reconditioning. For that, a hand mask treatment is the thing. Work a mask cream over hand and wrist, and leave on ten to fifteen minutes. Then follow with a hand cream routine. "Wring" a good rich hand cream well in, giving the hands a massage and exercise in one.

To "wring" the cream in, clasp hands together and twist them back and forth with a wringing movement. This works the cream well in over the knuckles, which is the spot where crows feet begin to show first.

Now for make-up tips: The deeper your polish shade the whiter your hands will look. Deep polish shades are unbecoming only if they vie with skin-tones, instead of harmonizing. Try three or four tones in the same color depth, and pick the one that does most for your hands.

A white edge at the tip of the nail draws the eye across, so that the nail seems broader. So for wide nails, cover the tip and leave a tiny margin free of polish at the sides. If nails are square, taper them gently beyond the fingertip. Then apply polish in an oval shape, regardless of the outlines of the nail. Done carefully enough, the deception won't be noticed.

And remember, a silky-framed cuticle doesn't just "happen." Work that hand cream, or a manicure oil, well in around the nail base, and leave your scissors for sturdier tasks. Cutting cuticle is like cutting the hem of a dress—it's bound to ravel sooner or later.

Now, how do your hands look? Watch them in the mirror, and check them again a month from today. If you've gone after your exercises and your grooming, you should be able to match hands with anyone.

So much for hands. They're the most vital problem, for girls who keep their shoes on.

However, there is the other extreme. Feet, believe it or not, may make or break you.

"On your toes" isn't just a dance routine. It's an expression of confidence: "You're in wonderful shape. You're really going places."

Well, are you? Is there a spring in your step (and that means youth and vigor, in the eye of the beholders)? Is there confidence in the way your feet swing forward?

Of course there is, if they're in the pink of condition. But if you let them take their daily beating without a shred of care, you'll glance in a shop window one of these days and catch yourself "walking old."

Take steps in time! Map out a schedule to keep your feet "in the pink." That means light and springy in step, happily housed, and definitely smoothies—smooth of skin, and fashion smooth too.

First, to keep that spring in your step. There's one strategic spot to go to work on—the ball of the foot. That's where high heels throw a lot of weight. Go to work with a good, deep, limbering massage. Your hand massage cream will do, or use a mentholated foot cream to relax and cool the foot as you massage.

Now grasp foot firmly at the arch, fingers underneath, and work thumbs down over the toes with a round and round movement. Press the toes down as far as they will go. Next, grasp the foot at the center just above

a Graceful Tip

Hands tell tales about your character—and feet may
make or break you if they lose that spring of youth

By PEGGY SAGE

the toes, and pull outward spreading the toes apart. Pull hands from center to sides of foot and repeat.

Here are a couple of good foot limberers: The Crab: Drop a piece of tissue paper on the floor and rumple it with crab-like movements of the toes. Try to pull the paper back under the foot.

The milk-bottle: Roll each foot firmly back and forth over a small round bottle or a child's rolling pin. If you can pick up the pin (with the foot of course) you don't need to worry. Your feet are in pretty good trim.

Go after callouses. They're not just blemishes, they're irritation spots. Here's a good banishing routine:

Soak cotton pads in liquid callous remover and paste them down over the spot with strips of adhesive. Leave on five minutes. Then pull off, rinse, and rub away the loosened surfaces with a good rough towel.

Now rub gently with pumice stone, and I mean gently. After softening the spot is the time to do this. Last, rub in manicure oil or cream, and that's all for today. Don't work any more on the callous for 24 hours.

For Polished Toes

Here's a trick in applying polish: Bring it well over the edge of the big toe nail and down under the tip. This makes a completely smooth edge and will save disasters to your stockings.

It's smart to place cotton pledgets between all five toes when you're applying polish. They're fine for relaxing feet by the "spreading toes" method, as well as to ward off polish smears.

As for color, use polish the same shade as your fingertips, or two or three tones deeper. Flagship-red is one of the best shades you can choose with a suntan; vintage, if you're still a pale, pale lady. There's nothing that will take your feet right out of the laboring class like a good dash of color.

Walk Barefoot

The chair-balancer is another good

stunt for feet with high-heel trouble—as what feet haven't?

Stand on the rung of a chair (holding the far side of the chair for balance). Now curl toes down as far as possible, and spring up and down on the balls of the feet, stretching heels down toward the floor as far as you can.

Barefoot walking is something we should all do more of. You can wear stockings or ski socks a size too large, if you prefer, but the point is to liberate and spread the feet as you walk.

Walk the length of the room with the weight thrown on the outside edges of the

feet, then walk back on the heels, raising toes slightly from the ground with each step. Then stand still and "rock the boat." This is done by rotating the weight from inside edge of foot to toes, then to outside edge, back to the heel, and around again.

The "Australian crawl" is another good digit limberer. Try it out on the fingers first. Raise fingers, and bring them down toward the palm with the little finger leading, the others following in succession, in a quick, crawling movement. Stretch fingers as you bring them down, so that you feel the "pull" all through the finger muscles. Then try it with your toes—if you can.





The "city" of Avera on the Island of Rurutu offers tranquil escape from the cares of the world: the light shadow at the left of the picture, from the sea foam, is called by the natives "Taupapa," or ghost of the island from an old legend

TAMAA—the word means food in the language of the Polynesian: we use it now to describe the South Sea repast served on multi-colored sea-shells

DOWN in the South Pacific where the trade winds blow, where lie the enchanting, romantic isles of French Polynesia, life is primitive and food is simple, but no modern housewife has lovelier, more colorful tableware than the shells used by these native Polynesians.

Their beautiful plates are made from the soft but brightly colored shells which are thrown up on the beaches each morning by the sea. Glorious these shells are—mother-of-pearl in all the varying pastels of the rainbow, pinks and delicate blues and greens. No craftsman could duplicate the pattern nor tone.

Nor need the Polynesian housewife mind how many are broken during the day's feasting, for the next tide will bring in a complete new supply.

The shells are gathered by the native girls of the islands and the most beautiful ones in shape and color are polished with soft sea sand until they shine like diamonds.

Often during my eleven years' residence in this paradise have I thought of combining the primitive beauty of the islands with the sophistication of Manhattan. When I returned from my last trip I brought back a small quantity, and now my friends are using them to give Tahitian parties. Better still, some of the stores are selling the shells.

The primitive and the sophisticated seem to join hands in a most delightful way. One of my friends—an extreme modernist—combined the shells with modern glassware and sophisticated candles on a glass-topped table.

My hostess had spent a few years in Tahiti herself, and she

had learned to prepare many native dishes. I can't remember the exact order in which they were served, but here is a list of what we ate that night.

Fish Eota: This was fresh Tuna cut into small squares and then mixed with freshly grated coconut. To each pound of fish the

juice of two lemons and one small onion was added. This was allowed to stand for fifteen minutes, then eaten. No cooking is required.

Chicken and Pig was cooked much as Americans cook it, but served together and eaten together, each guest helping himself.

The famous sauce of the Islands, used on all meats and fish, is made by grating a coconut to which is added a pint of salt water and one small onion. (In the Islands a small crab is used instead of the onion.)

Banana was baked in the oven to the taste of each guest. Some like it baked for five minutes, some for fifteen minutes, still others like it raw.

The liquid refreshment was made of the juice of the pineapple which is placed in a bottle in which it is allowed to stand for two weeks. Nothing is added to the juice, but the time of fermentation is carefully watched, if it stands too long the alcohol content becomes too great to suit the average native.

The avocados were served by slicing in half lengthwise and removing the pit. Served with a slice of lemon and a pinch of salt, according to taste.

The dessert was *Maa Puaa*. This is made by slicing oranges and bananas and adding grated coconut.

Family life is simple: so long as there are fish in the sea and cocoanuts in the palm trees, the evening meal will always be adequate



TAMAA in Tahiti

By MARTIN ANTHONY BRUNOR

The food was delicious to me, almost as good as any meal in the islands where fish is caught fresh only a few minutes before each meal, where fruit has no time to perish off the vine.

My hostess had gone even further, as a matter of fact. She had transformed her living room as well. The floor was covered by pandanus mats, and she encouraged us to sit down on them. There are chairs in the islands, but nobody thinks of sitting on them. Mats are for sitting, and larger mats are for sleeping.

The window curtains my hostess had arranged specially were another delight. They were made of tiny white and yellow shells from the island of Rurutu.

As I glanced about the room, it occurred to me that in order to collect the things used here, my hostess had traveled a distance equivalent to twice the circumference of the United States. The island of Rurutu supplied the shells that made the curtains (and several necklaces); from the Coral Atolls of the Tuomatus came the pearl shell to make the dishes; from Tahiti came the rosewood that made the bowls; from Rairoa came the Tridacna shells that made the fruit dishes, and ten other islands supplied seeds and coral.

I was back again in the islands, appreciating suddenly the beauty that Nature has provided so bountifully for us down there. Small wonder that life is so gay and carefree, that there is so much time for leisure and content. We worry little about next month's rent, and are not at all concerned about payments on the car. Ocean and streams run heavily with the next day's meal, and the surrounding trees supply all the sweets and delicacies that man could wish. Small wonder, indeed, that we enjoy that life.

Of course, in the Islands, feasting is a regular occurrence. It seems that the most trivial matters serve as the excuse for a special feast, and a real occurrence, such as a funeral or a

wedding, goes on for days and days.

A wedding feast, for example, goes on for nine days. People from miles around gather for it. The bride has eight bridesmaids and the groom has eight men of honor, so these alone—with all their relatives—form quite a convention. Families are large and closely knit. It's a small household feast that cannot gather a hundred guests. Nor is the size of the house important either, since feasting is all done out in the open. A good wedding, therefore, with all the kinsfolk and neighbors, will include many hundred people.

But if a wedding is an occasion, it is not at all comparable to the feasting which follows a funeral.

Food, as I said, is plentiful. Fish fills the protein requirements. Breadfruit grows on trees and is a staple. Soil is often brought on ships from a high mountainous island to the low desert atoll, that the breadfruit will grow more abundantly. These people live wisely and conservatively, even though food is plentiful.

If, for example, the soil is better somewhere else, what could be more fun than a feasting, followed by a picnic in boats, to bring back this good, rich soil? This would not be work, but a new productive game.

Rather than bread, the Polynesian eat "popoi" and in the island of Rurutu it is a delicacy, indeed. Elsewhere the meal is pounded and the dough is kneaded with ordinary stone, but on Rurutu it is pounded with coral, and the result is better than the lightest beaten-biscuit in the United States.



Above: A wedding, and the subsequent feast. This is only a small portion of the wedding guests who must be fed for nine days

Below: A modern adaptation of "Tamaa" with plates carved out of colorful mother-of-pearl. Even the salt-and-pepper shakers are small shells: the larger Tridacna shells hold fruit. The center bowl is carved of rose Tahitian rosewood





George Hurrell, Hollywood photographer, discovers Cecile Woodley behind a stationery counter at R. H. Macy's in New York. Below, Miss Woodley as he first saw her, later, after new make-up was applied by Helena Rubinstein to transform her into a striking resemblance of the lovely Katharine Hepburn

GLAMOUR girls are made, not born. So says Helena Rubinstein, who has transformed many Plain Janes in her own salon.

Movie stars are made, not born. So says George Hurrell of Hollywood, who has photographed the loveliest ladies of the screen colony.

With these two identical ideas, it was interesting to see the fact proved by Madame Rubinstein and George Hurrell in cooperative effort.

First, Mr. Hurrell discovered an average girl, no more glamorous than thousands of others who travel to work on the subway every morning in New York. This young lady, Cecile Woodley, worked in a department store, in R. H. Macy's, to be exact. Standing behind the stationery counter during the Christmas rush, she was lost in the shuffle.

Mr. Hurrell, seeing her with photographic eyes, decided: "That girl's another Hepburn."

He put the proposition up to her. Would she go to Helena Rubinstein's studio, have her make-up reapplied properly, and then let him photograph her as they photograph in Hollywood.

Yes, she would.

First of all, a make-up expert at the salon studied Miss Woodley's features. Her cheekbones were high; eyebrows a little too straight, and lips too poorly defined.

The expert suggested foundation shadings to accent the high cheekbones and concave cheeks. First a neutral foundation was applied to Miss Woodley's skin, a lighter foundation was placed over her cheekbones and on the hinges of her jaw, and a dark foundation slanted from her ear under the cheekbone almost to her mouth. Three different shades of powder were applied in the same manner.



Her eyebrows were raised slightly by plucking underneath, and brushed upward to give them the "flyaway" look so characteristic of Hepburn. Her mouth was widened considerably and accentuated with deep red lipstick; her lips were straightened and squared with a lipstick pencil.

She wore false eyelashes, and a touch of herbal oil was applied on each eyelid for softening emphasis.

Last but not least, her hair was parted on the side and arranged simply in a shoulder-length bob.

The transformation was complete. The little girl from behind Macy's counter was no longer: in her place was a new personality, lovely enough to pass for a counterpart of one of Hollywood's celebrities.

The camera recorded the story: the photographer and the beauty consultant nodded their heads. It could be done. No miracle was it at all, merely a proper job of make-up and hair arrangement.

We who had watched it were impressed, but beset, nevertheless, with doubt. Was this practical? Would Miss Woodley, for example, return to

Miracle

Lovely women are made, not born—that any average young girl can be

By KATHLEEN

Macy's, and after another hour of breath-taking work, slip back into her normal appearance? Would the make-up fade away, and the next hurried application of lipstick spoil the entire picture?

"No," said Madame Rubinstein. "Make-up must be practical, of course. We're all busy people. The best-looking girls in Hollywood are workers too. Remember that. They must stand up to the glaring lights of the studio for hours on end, and that's no easier than taking orders behind a counter at Macy's."

"After your make-up is applied, it must stay put until you are ready to remove it. A good make-up will last for hours without retouching. It must be that way, you see. You must have that security—the security of knowing that you are still lovely even



in Make-up

says Helena Rubinstein, and she proves transformed into a Hollywood model

CARTER

though the wind blows or the rain falls. Otherwise you are not well groomed."

Yes, that was right. There was wisdom in spending another two or three moments in the morning if that all-important sense of security might be achieved. How much better our days are, how much more we can accomplish, when we know that we are looking our very best.

"The important thing," added Madame Rubinstein, "is that make-up be individually becoming. It must enhance your personality—do nice things for your eyes, your skin, your hair. If one is to use make-up at all—if one is only to apply lipstick—it is better to do it correctly."

Make-up is an art, she pointed out. We should approach it from an artistic angle every time we look into a mirror.

The first thing an artist considers is the preparation of his background. We must do the same. We must never put rouge over stale, soiled rouge. A clean face is the only base for cosmetics. All the powder in the

world—all the very finest powder in the world—would not make a dirty face clean.

In the actual application of make-up, the contour of one's face should guide the use of

rouge. If the face is long, application should start well away from the nose. If the face is broad, the rouge should start closer to the nose, and be carried downward to give a longer effect.



Left: Mr. Hurrell and a make-up expert study the problem of converting Miss Woodley into the Hepburn type

Above: New make-up is applied—a camel's hair brush and deep red lipstick outlining the mouth in flattering lines

Right: Josef, hairdresser at the salon, designs a Hepburn coiffure to complete the transformation



Helena Rubinstein practices her preaching

Powder should always be chosen according to one's skin tone, but lipstick should match—or harmonize—with costume colors.

Special skin problems, of course, may seem to present special problems in make-up. But once the foundation is right, our problem is solved.

The two most common problems are the oily skin and the dry skin. Both must be neutralized before make-up can be expected to do a proper job.

The oily skin is pretty obvious. Usually it is hard to keep powder placed on an oily skin. The nose gets shiny. There may be little blackheads in the crevices about the nose, and on the chin too. The pores are a little too prominent.

Half the battle, of course, is ridding the system of the inner impurities which find their way out through the surface of the face. The girl with oily skin is usually the girl who eats sweets and pastries and rich, fried foods. The antidote is plenty of raw fruits and vegetables, and water—at least eight glasses every day.



1873



1892



1907

Is Your Silhouette To An Era

By EVELYN

Manager of the
at Saks -

ONCE bundled in the modesty of traditional costume, the stream-lined woman emerges from her wrappings in breathtaking loveliness. Plot a graph of her contour and discover the whimsy of an ever changing curve!

It might be the story of fashion itself—or rather the story of Woman's Emancipation. (And from a veritable cocoon!)

Down to the sea she trips — but in 1873 she barely staggered, in ruffled pantaloons, swirling shirts, draped to the neck and down to the wrist. This daring sea nymph who bared two inches of stockinged ankles to the ripple of waves might well have had a lovely silhouette. But to the naked eye—it was just so much stuff

ing in yards and yards of twilled flannel and cheviot.

Fortunately for posterity, she was content to flap in the breeze and not descend to the high water mark. Her draperies most certainly would have soaked up the tide and lowered the sea level.

Bulge she could—to her heart's (and her hips') content. Never did this Good Woman dream that men might consider the contour beneath . . . and as for gazing at her unadorned midriff . . . Unthinkable, that was!

Her daughter, however, was made of sterner stuff. Or more wicked stuff. She dared to show a knee, though it was a thickly stockinged knee.

Before long, beaches became a battleground and moral guard-

ians thundered disapproval! Reformers invoked the pitfalls of evil ways! Organized groups of opposition provoked restricting legislation.

Yet despite the fuss and clamor, skirts crept up inch by inch from shapely ankles, past rounded calves, to dimpled knees. Arms were bared to a freckling sun. Women were shaking the skirts of prejudice and shapely limbs were emerging to the light of a new day . . . a glorious day of freedom.

Then Annette Kellerman strolled on the scene and knocked an enlightened public for a loop. Black jersey clinging from shoulders to toes emphasized her every line and curve. Startling . . . but how lovely!

Happily, Miss Kellerman glorified her costume. She had a figure that made history. Other women had been lacing into corsets for centuries. Quite naturally, they

1. Stand straight up, arms over your head. Bend to the right as far as possible, then to the left



2. First to the right, then to the left, but not toward the front and not toward the back . . .



1. Bend on the right knee, stretch the left leg to the side, and raise both arms over the head . . .



2. Twist upper part of body to left, touch left toes with both arms. Straighten and twist again



Smart



1914



1920



Drawings by
Charlotte Mantell

Related Now Out-Dated?

S. BELLSEY

**Silhouette Shop
Fifth Avenue**

looked at this amazing new bathing suit . . . and they compared their own measurements with the Annette Kellerman standard. The result was amazing.

It jolted her contemporaries to self inventory. Bulbous legs, spreading hips, lumpy thighs and too prominent tummies could no longer be concealed in voluminous folds. If there was to be a recognized standard of perfection

in body beauty, women would vie with each other to excel it.

When the pendulum of fashion swings, watch the women swing along. Just before the outbreak of the World War, waistlines dropped to a new low, and hips once again lost their identity. But this trend too was soon modified.

Impressed by her newly won vote, woman asserted her right to dress as she pleased. Officers once again paroled the beaches. Yard sticks were clapped against

bare shanks of the brave and defiant, just to see if they measured up to the law.

In Atlantic City a famous writer with a yen for the feel of spray on bare legs, rolled down her stockings and was promptly planked into jail. Don't laugh . . . that was only twenty years ago!

And so to our Modern who may drape herself for the beach in a sarong or sheath herself in satin. She too has her problems. Every woman is not born to beauty . . . nor is every figure divine! But every woman can be groomed to beauty and proportioned to a better line. Don't deplore a thickening waist . . . don't wail about a spreading hip . . . don't complain about a flab-

by leg . . . or a thick shoulder.

Don't reconcile yourself to fat! Something can be done about it. Something can be done about it **NOW!**

Suzanne Simon, of our Silhouette Shop, suggests these exercises below, to trim down that midriff. You really can do them, more and more with regular practice. Massage helps too . . . though it's not so easy to massage down one's own bumps.

Diet—well, that's another matter. Of course, chocolate sundaes and apple pie a la mode do not make for slim hips. It must be one or the other. It takes will power . . . and an overwhelming desire . . . to have a proper silhouette.

1. Bend to both knees, arms outstretched in front, and twist slowly to the right, as far as possible



2. Rise to kneeling position, squat again, and twist to the left, stretching further each time



1. Lie down on back, both arms over the head. Lift right leg and twist to left; repeat with left leg



2. Now lift both legs and upper part of body at the same time and touch arms to tips of toes . . .



Cocktails

It was a joyous task to assemble these extra-special recipes from bartenders at New York's gayest cocktail bars; it was even more joyous to try them out.

PLANTATION COCKTAIL (Hotel New Yorker)

Put into an old-fashioned glass—
a few pieces of cracked ice
½ tablespoon cooking molasses
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 jigger rye whiskey

Stir up with a spoon, decorate with three oblong slices of fresh pineapple and a cherry.

AMBASSADOR SPECIAL (Hotel Ambassador)

To serve two:

1 jigger apricot brandy
1 jigger gin
1 jigger lime juice

Frappe vigorously and serve in a frosted glass.

CHARLIE McCARTHY COCKTAIL (The Crillon)

Shake and strain into a cocktail glass:

Juice of 1 lime
Sprig of crushed mint
1 dash of Triple Sec
1 dash of White Mint
1 jigger of Barbados Rum

Float with a dash of Jamaica Rum.

THE JERSEY SLING (Hotel Lexington)

Into a tall glass:

1 jigger applejack brandy
Juice of 1 lime
2 dashes grenadine
2 dashes cherry brandy
Cracked ice and fruit

Fill glass with charged water, and drink through straws.

ALGONQUIN SCOTCH (Algonquin Supper Club)

Mix ¾ Scotch with ¼ Italian Vermouth in iced cocktail shaker. Serve in Manhattan glass, with dash of lemon juice and lemon peel.

Can Opener

By
ESTELLE H. RITCH



Photo © Kensington

This little girl goes to Business

SO she hasn't much time to fuss with the little details. She loves nice parties: she likes to see her table set properly, so she does it the night before in simple buffet style. Her tableware is practical, untarnishable metal which looks exactly the way she wants it to look—informal and adequate.

When she comes home from the office, all there is to do is lay out the food (which she allows herself thirty minutes to prepare) and tell people to help themselves.

Perhaps she serves a cocktail first, perhaps she doesn't. SMART collected some of the most popular ones from Manhattan's cocktail bars to help her make a choice. However, this hostess does little about canapes. There are so many packaged snacks and cracks that taste good, and there are always peanuts and potato chips.

Dinner begins with the salad,

and this, you see, is a substantial salad. Tomatoes and eggs hard-boiled the night before have been cut in half and sweet pickles added for flavor. Mayonnaise is

Salad

Broiled Chicken
Baked Mashed Potatoes
Fresh Peas

Ice Cream with
Brandied Fruit Sauce

served separately, for those who like it and those who don't. For those who don't like tomatoes or eggs, there's another salad—a fruit salad in salad nests. This, coming out of a can, was no problem, except that it had to remain in the ice-box all day to chill.

The main course is broiled chicken. A smart girl can slip

three of these—plenty for six people—into the broiler and let them cook while she's changing her housecoat. Baked mashed potatoes are, in other words, leftovers. The potatoes are nicely mashed the night before. Just before serving, a little milk is added and they're slipped into the oven to bake to a light fluff while the chicken is broiling below. To be extra fancy about this, an egg can be added with the milk. Peas, of course, have either been shelled the night before or they're quick-frozen.

Dessert is simple vanilla ice-cream, picked up at the drug store on the way home. But to make it something special, there's a sauce that really is something. It's a matter of home brew, in a way. Chopped fruits are put in a crock under the kitchen sink, and a cup or two of brandy is added. After this sets quietly for a spell—well, you have a flavor all right—flavor plus. . . .

— or Creator



Photo © Ronson

This Lady Jane Stays at Home . . .

AND Lady Jane, of course, spends all day fussing for her dinner party. For her we suggest the canapes, knowing that she'll have fun making them.

Her table is formal to the last detail, the individual silver cigarette lighters for each guest. Crystal and silver gleam upon the lacy banquet cloth.

The menu has been carefully planned, to include the best of everything that might be a seasonal surprise—fresh asparagus and fresh strawberries in February, for example.

Someone will help her serve, so each course can be enjoyed in luxurious efficiency. The crabmeat cocktail will have just the right sauce, for she knows the recipe. (You merely mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ketchup with a teaspoon of onion juice, a teaspoon of tabasco, half a teaspoon of salt and a little cayenne.)

The slice of lemon in chicken broth does something for it, really. Just drop it in the top of the

broth and let it float: the heat will draw out just enough flavor of the lemon juice and rind. A sprig of parsley sitting on top of the lemon-slice float makes a picture.

Crabmeat Cocktail
Chicken Broth with Lemon
Roast Turkey
Asparagus Hollandaise
Glacé Sweet Potatoes
Tomato Aspic
Strawberry
Meringue Glacé

esque offering out of plain chicken broth.

Asparagus Hollandaise and Glacé Sweet Potatoes are mere details to Lady Jane. She has all the cook books.

For Tomato Aspic there's a short cut. You can use a plain salad gelatine, substituting canned tomato juice for water, and adding lemon juice, salt and celery salt to flavor. In this salad, chopped green peppers and

chopped celery add color and crispness.

Of course, any aspic must be firm and unyielding. Lady Jane would never make the mistake of setting it out beforehand in the hot kitchen to melt and shiver into a dribbly mess.

The *piece de resistance*—as the French might say—is the strawberry meringue glacé. The strawberries may be fresh, or quick frozen. Often the latter have a better flavor. The meringues are easy to make, though they seem professional. Two egg whites beaten stiff, sprinkled with salt and beaten again, sprinkled with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of granulated sugar—a little at a time—and beaten some more. They're dropped in little mounds on brown paper, spread over a baking sheet, and they're cooked in a slow oven about 45 minutes, until they're dry.

Coffee, in this menage, is served in the living room, in very special demi-tasse cups, with brandy and liqueurs.

Canapes . . .

From the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, we gathered these extra-special recipes of the stars:

Canape Dickenson, named after Jean Dickenson

Spread crisp potato chips with a mixture of cream and Roquefort cheese and sprinkle with parsley. To get the full effect of this crunchy goodness, it must be served immediately.

Mushroom Caps, designed and created by Ezio Pinza

Peel and stem 15 large mushrooms. Stuff mushroom caps with 1 pound country sausage. Arrange on broiler rack. Broil under low heat for about 20 minutes. Arrange on rings of buttered toast cut with doughnut cutter and serve hot.

American Canape, preferred by Zinka Milanov of Yugoslavia

Blend $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter with 2 tablespoons of chopped pickle relish and 3 tablespoons chopped crisp bacon. Spread on crisp crackers and heat in oven.

Cubettes, endorsed by Friedrich Schorr

Dip 3 slices of fresh white bread, cut into $\frac{3}{4}$ inch cubes, into a mixture of 2 tablespoons melted butter and 1 beaten egg. Roll cubes in grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven until cheese melts and cubes are brown. Top with chips of bacon, if desired.

Crisped Sausages, originated by Lucy Monroe, the concert star. . .

She uses tiny pork sausages, boiled first, and then rolled in bacon and crisped in the oven. With these she serves bits of toast, covered with sharp cheese, a tiny square of bacon and sprinkled with paprika. These too are toasted in the oven until the cheese melts and the bacon crisps. Served warm, of course.

If you want to be a bit more lavish, take a tip from one of the supper clubs. The Brevoort, for example, always has a little wagon of hors d'oeuvres moving about the room, and their specialty is artichokes. They prepare them in many different ways:

First: cook artichokes in water until done. Stuff middle of the artichoke with chopped parsley, anchovies and a little garlic (or onion). Pour olive oil over the top and serve.

Second: bake the artichokes in the oven for twenty minutes, until done. Sprinkle with parsley and serve hot.

Third: separate the leaves a bit and fill between them with a mixture of bread crumbs, parmesan cheese, chopped parsley and mashed garlic. Boil until tender with a little olive oil.



Helen Hiatt from Pekin, Illinois, NBC's latest war correspondent, has braved some of the heaviest action of the war to bring NBC listeners radio accounts of the fighting

In the

Women are contributing their share to

the hearts of many people the light of freedom still burns brightly; the will to secure to all people the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is not to be quenched.

True, women have found their place in the sun. But the supreme task which now confronts all men and women who still are free is to establish throughout the world

those social, economic and political conditions in which peace, freedom and social justice will have a chance to live.

It is interesting, therefore, to read the "Declaration of Purpose" adopted by the *Woman's Centennial Congress* which recently convened to consider these past hundred years. The purpose is one which might be held in mind by every woman in America, one which might guide the program of every woman's club. We quote it as follows:

"THEREFORE, WE WOMEN ASSEMBLED IN THE WOMAN'S CENTENNIAL CONGRESS of 1940 DO HEREBY DECLARE IT TO BE OUR PURPOSE to use our freedom to support, defend and preserve the Constitution, and to work for the progressive securing of freedom, social justice and peace for all people.

"In progressing toward this goal, great changes must be made in the social, economic and political life of this and other countries. The spirit of men and women must be transformed. It is to these changes that our daily tasks will be directed, beginning in our homes and extending to the community, the nation and the world.

"We purpose to do our part in invigorating democracy in our communities and in our nation; in discovering new skills and methods for making democratic

In world affairs

ONE hundred years ago a small group of women started an organized rebellion against the unequal and subordinate position imposed upon them by law and custom.

Today rights have been won, but women are organizing because they have come to realize that responsibilities commensurate with freedom must be undertaken.

These crusading women of 1840 could not foresee that in one hundred years people everywhere—men as well as women—were to be faced with the danger of losing even the opportunity to work for those "inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The world today is torn by war; people are impoverished, persecuted, driven from their homes to strange lands. But in



Above: Dr. Katharine Burr Blodgett, scientist for the General Electric Company, is the discoverer of invisible glass, a product well on the way to revolutionizing an entire industry



Left: In London, the W.A. G.S. (War Auxiliary Grail Services) are replacing, in non-combat duties, men in the Navy, Army and Air force. To prove how far removed they are from the ancient prejudices of females, here are the two mascots—Nausea and Stinker

Right: Marion Creighton, partially blind pupil of the Brooklyn Association for Improving Conditions of the Poor, bends to her task of sewing up pillow cases for the Army and Navy. She is one of 139 girls of the Association who are turning out 25,000 pillow cases a day



News

industrial progress and war relief

principles operative in our modern and swiftly changing world.

"Because of our Devotion to Democracy, we will work to maintain our homes, our communities and our nation free from any attitudes and practices founded on prejudice and intolerance which deny to any person those rights which freedom and justice decree.

"We shall expect all women to be socially productive, within and outside the home, with or without monetary remuneration. We will be vigilant to guard the economic freedom of women.

"We will train ourselves in politics, for we would have a more responsible share in defining the purposes toward which the state is directed.

"We believe that the time has come to extend the principle of government to the world community. The same needs which produced first local and then national governments now exist on a world-wide scale.

"Our concern in the present war, whatever its economic and political causes, is with the struggle between two concepts of world organization: on the one hand, dictatorial rule by a few self-chosen national goals imposed and maintained by military and economic force; on the other hand, international organization through the voluntary agreement of free nations.

"All of these tasks must be undertaken against the strong current of cynicism and the mere lip-service to ethical and religious values which characterize our times. We will continue to teach our children the values of truth and goodness and to build our homes on respect for the personality of each member of the family group; but this will not be enough. The common assumption of the worth of each individual which underlies all family life must be given concrete expression in the life of the community, the nation and the world.

"We advocate no fixed pattern of progress to be followed, but shall advance step by step, using in each decade the means appropriate to our objective. We will strive to develop the educa-

tional methods and situations which will forward the fulfillment of our purposes. We shall work as individuals and through the organizations of women—local, national and international. We shall work side by side with men, for it will be from the common endeavor of all men and women of goodwill that the goal will be reached."



Marjorie Lawrence (right), Metropolitan opera star, lays plans for a concert program to raise funds to buy more "Bundles for Britain"



Even the children do their share to recondition garments for war service



The women of Middletown, N. Y., make snug baby sleeping bags from their old woolen garments

Bundles for Britain . . .

THE organization answers the question so many women ask daily: "What can I do to help?" Here is a means which requires no financial aid, no extensive drain on one's time and ability.

From 500 communities throughout the United States, bundles are being gathered daily—warm clothing for children and adults, hospital garments, blankets—all things, in fact, which may contribute to the comfort of people driven from their homes in the middle of winter.

The establishment of sewing rooms continues in small towns and neighborhood communities. Equipment such as sewing machines, work tables, scissors, irons and ironing boards are either donated or loaned. Material is purchased at the lowest possible price by individuals, or given as a special donation.

Patterns are available to all who wish to sew—patterns for simple garments such as helpless case shirts, hospital vests, hospital pants, bed jackets, night-shirts, surgeons masks and aprons. Patterns are furnished free of charge to anyone making the request to Bundles for Britain, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Bleached muslin and cotton flannel are used for these garments, and finished garments are shipped to the organization's warehouse at 112 West 89th Street, New York.

Individual sewing rooms plan special garments, in some cases. The women of Middletown, New York, for example, are making these infants' sleeping bags by cutting down worn woolen garments.

Shawls and flannel petticoats, patchwork quilts—all of these are acceptable to refugees.



This poster by William Heaslip was one of the collection sold by Girl Scouts—It portrays the swarms of German bombers patrolling the skies over Paris while refugees take to the open road, their hastily gathered possessions slung over their backs

IN Rahway, New Jersey, the Girl Scouts maintain headquarters in a historic old mansion which was the temporary residence of George Washington before making his headquarters in Morristown. The building stands as a landmark to a country's struggle for freedom and independence.

It proved a fitting background, therefore, for an exhibition and sale of original war drawings by William Heaslip, proceeds from which were turned over to the British War Relief Fund.

Mr. and Mrs. Heaslip know the story of aerial warfare from experience, for they were married during the first World War, when both were serving in the Royal Air Force. Today their



YOUNGSTERS FOR WAR

*Girl Scouts in New Jersey
and 9-year-olds on Long*

By CAROLA

daughter Judy, with the help of her Girl Scout troupe, decided upon this means of helping the cause.

The posters were sold in picture size, for framing and mounting, and smaller prints were sold at 25c each.

The posters tell the whole tragedy of war in unforgettable terms. Here is the picture of the refugee march from Paris—with people of all ages, sexes and ranks, dazed by the shattering defeats of the French troops protecting their capital, desperate in their effort to get out of the war area in their strangely assorted conveyances.

Here, too, is the artist's impression of France under the Swastika. In the fields a shaken but hopeful people seek to pick up the threads of a life interrupted only a few months ago. As Messerschmidt fighters take to the air to sow death and destruction across the Channel, the sturdy Breton farmers, like figures in Millet's Angelus, watch with silent prayers upon their lips. Their vineyard, over which the raiders spread their wings, is surrounded by ruins; their harvest has suffered from the ravages of total warfare. But in their faces is written their pattern for the future—the will to be free once again.



In Forest Hills, Long Island, the neighborhood kiddies gathered their pets for a dog show, to collect nickels and dimes for the British American Ambulance Corps

The Exhibit was held as a sort of trial balloon, in an effort to discover how it would be received in the average American town. Already requests have reached the Girl Scouts at Rahway for information as to how other troupes might proceed with a similar show of their own.

Over in Forest Hills, on Long Island, there seems to be the Forest Hills Alley Gang, who feel pretty strongly about Mr. Hitler. They thought they'd like to do a little for the cause of democracy. Uncle Sam didn't want the boys for any special purpose—that is, not for another fifteen years or so. But there

Smart

DO THEIR BIT RELIEF

*Hold a Sale of War Posters
Island stage a Dog Show*

MORGAN

were other things. Money was needed, lots of it. Ambulances cost a terrible fortune. More than most of those kids could add up to. However, every little bit helped.

It was nine-year-old Jack Purcell, really a very sophisticated adult, who promoted the show. Entries were solicited throughout the neighborhood, and the stage was set in Jackie's garage.

The show was a success in many ways, although some confusion reigned. A few of the dogs were not sufficiently informed as to the good work in which they were engaged, and canine



Clare Heaslip, wife of the artist, looks at her favorite picture in the collection, "There will always be an England"

feuds of long standing threatened to dissolve the performance. But leashes and strong disciplinary hands managed to keep order.

Some 30 splendid specimens of neighborhood dogdom were assembled. Despair reigned for a while because in the consensus of judiciary opinion, the finest dog of the lot—the only one to whom first prize might honorably be given—was a German dachshund.

To remedy this, one little girl—the only little girl on the block who didn't own a dog—left the performance for a while to return with a very splendid animal indeed. Explanations were vague, but eventually it was decided that her entry was also deserving of a prize. Life might have gone on in the same sweet vein, had it not been that



Another of the Heaslip posters—the artist's impression of France under the Swastika: while bombers take off from Channel ports to carry their destruction to England, the undaunted soldier of France still proclaims his will to live in freedom



In this old historic resting place of George Washington, the Girl Scouts held their art exhibition

photographs of the prize-winners were published in the next morning's papers and an angry, perplexed man arrived on the scene, waving the picture aloft and demanding his dog which had been kidnapped the previous afternoon.

Despite all difficulties, however, the large sum of \$5.89 was collected and turned over to the British American Ambulance Corps and the Forest Hills Alley Gang are considering the matter of cats. Or a combination of dogs and cats. What a happy afternoon it might be with 30 dogs and 30 cats assembled in the same garage!



WE go

By
DOROTHY
DREW

Philadelphia Story

Concerning an ultra-exclusive society family on the Philadelphia "Main Line" and two over-zealous reporters from one of those "peeking-through-the-keyhole" magazines . . .

The Lord household is deep in the excitement of young Tracy's (Katharine Hepburn) marriage to George Kittredge (John Howard), an estimable, up-standing young man, when Dexter Haven (Cary Grant), her ex-husband, arrives to complicate matters. Little sister (and a very sophisticated little sister is Virginia Weidler) does little to help matters. Does nothing, as a matter of fact, for even Little Sister's preference is the ex-husband. The snooping reporter (Jimmy Stewart) and Liz (Ruth Hussey), his photographer, don't smooth the wedding details, but they do help to bring the exclusive Lords down to the common earth.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith

Concerning the devastating crisis which arises when a respectable married couple discover that their marriage is illegal . . .

The Smiths (Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery) have been nicely married for three years. Dave is a New York lawyer with a good practice, a sense of humor and money in the bank. Ann is a good egg, too, and their ultra-modern apartment is the answer to any maiden's prayer. Their successful marriage is played by rules, one of which is that if they ever quarrel they lock themselves in the bedroom until the quarrel is patched up. The current dispute has been going on for three days when Dave learns that because of an error in state line surveying, the marriage is illegal.

Honeymoon for Three

Concerning the triangle of a young novelist, on a lecture tour, his secretary who is also his fiancée, and that other woman.

Kenneth Bixby (George Brent), novelist, arrives in Cleveland on a lecture tour with his secretary, Anne Rogers (Ann Sheridan), to whom he is engaged. During the trip, Ken has received many strange messages signed "Miriam," but insists that he does not know her. When an old college sweetheart Julie Wilson (Osa Massen) comes to his room, throws her arms around his neck and begs him to forgive her, all his protestations are hard to believe. Especially when her husband (Charlie Ruggles) identifies her as the Miriam mentioned in one of Ken's most romantic novels.

To the Movies

Western Union

Concerning the difficulties encountered by the engineers for Western Union in stringing their cables across the wide Indian country between Omaha and Salt Lake City . . .

Western Union rolls out of Omaha on July 4, 1861, a caravan of wagons, horses and mules, Abraham Lincoln wires Godspeed, for civil war has torn the country apart, and the Union desperately needs lines of communication with the West that are faster than the Pony Express. Edward Creighton (Dean Jagger) is the company's chief engineer. His trouble proves not to be with real Indians, but with white renegades dressed up as Indians. All of the excitement of the old Western melodrama is combined in this saga of a great enterprise, and the list of players includes such old-reliable entertainers as Randolph Scott, John Carradine, Slim Summerville and the lovely Virginia Gilmore.

Meet John Doe

Concerning a big-league ball-player who burns his arm out pitching a 19-inning game and goes to the despair dogs . . .

While on the downward path, the ball-player (Gary Cooper) meets a whimsical hobo (Walter Brennan) who preaches a new sort of philosophy. The process by which the pitched-out pitcher loses his identity and becomes plain "John Doe" is bound up in a circulation stunt born in the clever mind of the "Odds-and-Ends" reporter (Barbara Stanwyck) of a leading newspaper. And the hard-boiled publisher (Edward Arnold) adds fun and drama to the general emotional excitement.

Hudson's Bay

Concerning the adventures which preceded the grant of a royal charter giving the Hudson Bay Company full colonial powers . . .

After the young and very wealthy Lord Edward Crewe has indulged in some drunken pranks, King Charles II of England banishes Edward and confiscates his rich properties, even despite the appeal of lovely Lady Barbara (Gene Tierney) and Nell Gwynne, the King's mistress. In the New World, Edward finds Radisson (Paul Muni), the French-Canadian trapper, and together they make the hazardous journey through the frozen Northwest to barter beaver pelts from the Indians around Hudson Bay. Returning to England, the Hudson Bay Company is formed.

Come Live With Me

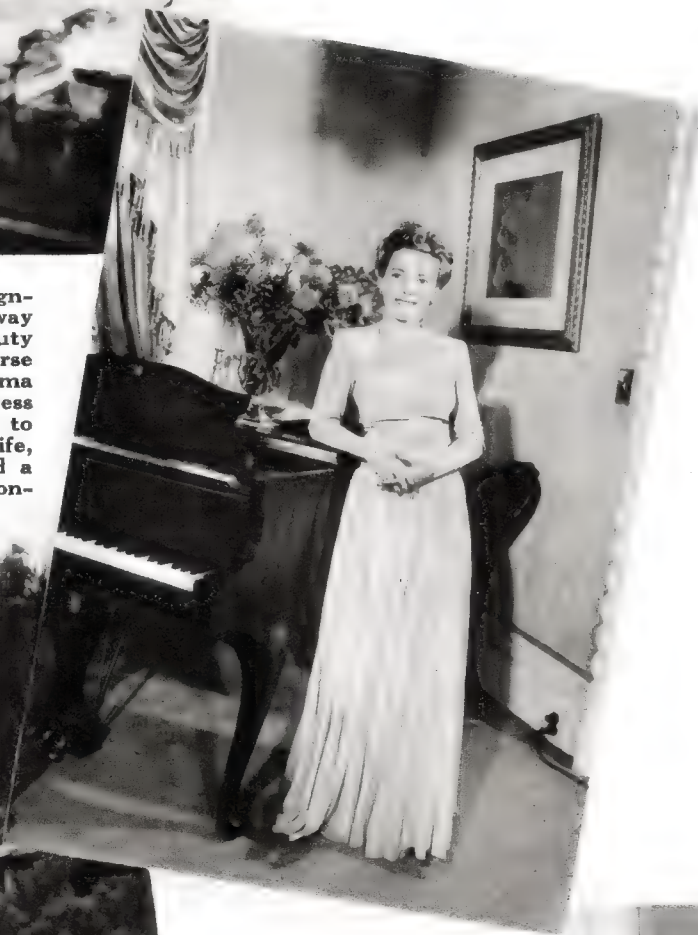
Concerning a beautiful refugee who decides that marriage to a penniless young writer is very much better than deportation to an Austria nobody knows . . .

Barton Kendrick (Ian Hunter), publisher, and his wife Diana (Verree Teasdale) are partners in a modern marriage where each is permitted to go his own way. Kendrick's way is toward a beautiful Austrian refugee (Hedy Lamarr), Americanized to Johnny Jones. When Johnny discovers that she is to be deported, she makes arrangements to marry a young writer, Bill Smith (James Stewart), until her rich Mr. Kendrick can get a divorce. But Bill takes her down to his grandmother's farm, and Johnny sees life—and love—in its simpler terms.





It's a pretty steady assignment to star in a Broadway production: it's double-duty to read scripts and rehearse for a regular radio drama each week — nevertheless Helen Hayes finds time to live a normal family life, with two children and a household demanding constant attention



At her charming Victorian home overlooking the Hudson River, she plays her happiest role — and finds it fun to be an average Mrs. America



THIS is a day when there are "so many things to do" and so little time to do them. We'd like to live a more neighborly life; we'd like to do some good work for those overseas whose daily lives are such tragedy. But we don't have time. We don't have a minute.

It's interesting, therefore, to take a peek into the life of one person whose every minute is full, who has a job—or two jobs, rather—and a home and a family

and sympathy for those less fortunate.

There's little Mrs. MacArthur of Nyack, New York. The world knows her as Helen Hayes. Her home life is as real—and as simple—as that of the average housewife in the middle West.

She has household duties. Who does not have—with two children and a pretty good-sized home? But she manages to sandwich in other activities, activities which, by the way, are rather compre-

Little Mrs. MacArthur

A woman's life radiates from her own household, no matter what affairs of business demand her time

hensive. The First Lady of the Theatre runs her own radio program, and gives eight performances of "Twelfth Night" on Broadway every week.

Nevertheless, in Nyack it is not uncommon to see Miss Hayes—or rather, Mrs. MacArthur, cycling to the village to personally pick out a cut of corned beef or some special cheese that husband Charlie MacArthur likes so much. And when it came time for her daughter, Mary, to attend school, Helen Hayes visited neighboring schools for a week, making an investigation that would be a tribute to the F. B. I.

Besides there is her big, white Victorian house, filled with countless pieces of bric-a-brac, which it took endless hours to accumulate. You know this is the house of a woman who enjoys every moment spent in it. There are comfortable chairs, fireplaces in every room. There's a feeling that this is a place people really live in.

Yet that's only half of home. There is also the MacArthur farm, across the street from the ninety-year-old home. Any farm wife knows the details that must be considered from this angle. Chores have to be done—on time—even though the curtain on the theatre rises at eight-thirty each night. Chores—and curtain call—Helen Hayes has synchronized both into a happy existence.



EVOLUTION of an "ORIGINAL"

By PRISCILLA PAGE

LAST year's hat may be too old to wear to the movies, but if we go back half a century—or even two or three centuries—we may pick up something which can be worked into the newest idea of the season.

Whenever Hollywood does a period picture the clothes immediately become grist in the mills of fashion. Olivia de Havilland in "Robin Hood" started the vogue for the Maid Marion wimple. Bette Davis started the return to the low slung bodice in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex."

Now another period film is on the way—"The Lady with Red Hair." It is the story of Mrs. Leslie Carter, glamorous actress of the Gay Nineties, with Miriam Hopkins playing the title role.

The gowns for this period passed one by one with a sweep of elegance, and hats were so audacious as to make 1941's most insane creation pale in comparison.

In the picture, Miss Hopkins has thirty changes of costume. Designed by Milo Anderson, a gentleman from the Deep South, every frock, every hat, has the proper romantic air. Milo credits his flair for doing period costumes to the fact that Southerners have never forgotten the old, romantic traditions of gentle, delicate ladies and gallant cavaliers.

No girl who wears a period costume by Milo can fail to be a Lady to the Manor Born.

To the commercial dress manufacturer, however, or to the woman who designs her own clothes, a period costume is important because it suggests so many unusual ideas which may be applied to the mode of the moment.

In "The Lady with Red Hair," for example, several of the long suits might, with the snipping of a few inches from the skirts, be worn today.

The dress above, while a little bold for street wear in these days, when ladies dash madly from subway to office, has details which might easily be adapted to the modern tempo. The sketches



show the dramatic collar adapted to two different types of dresses—a street dress for Spring, and a dinner dress or smarter-than-usual housecoat, depending upon the material put into it.

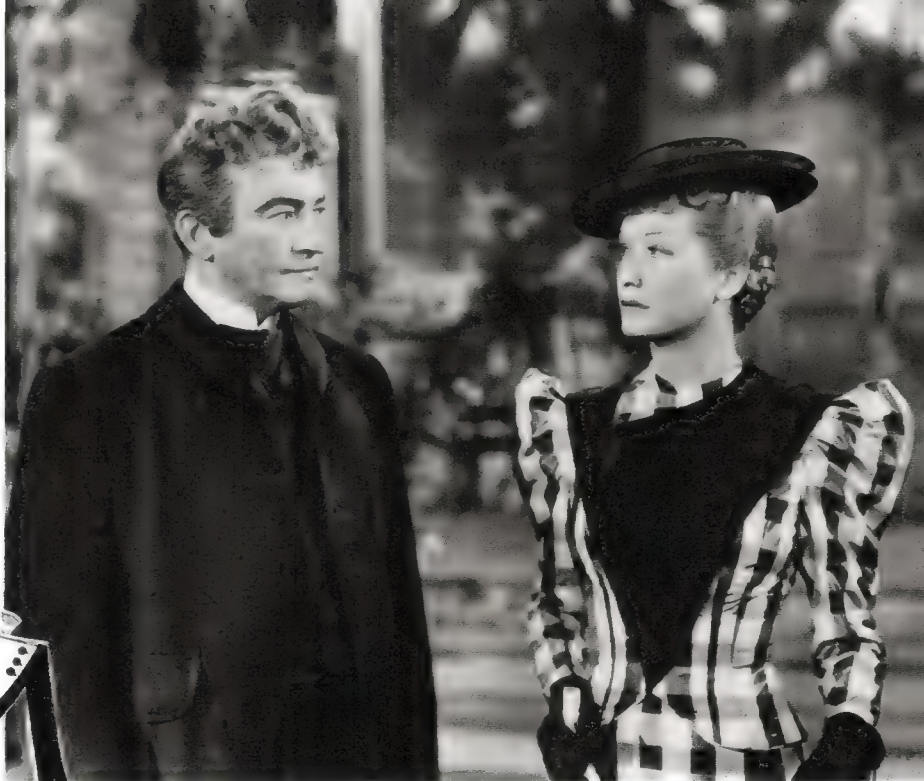
The afternoon dress below requires very little change to transform it into a novel bolero outfit which we might appropriately wear on Easter, 1941.

If the period costume cannot be translated in its entirety, it is frequently possible to adapt certain details. The collar, of course, is the important detail in the checked dress above. The bolero over an accordion pleated blouse is the interesting fact of the dress below.

Nor are dress designers the only ones who go back through history for inspiration. We still remember the Empress Eugenie hat which swept America during the early depression doldrums.

"The Lady with Red Hair" wears some charming feathered bonnets; it is not unusual to expect that some of them might start a fad of the moment. One in a deep, deep blue shows a three-cornered brim of feathers and a crown of duvetyne. Perched on the crown is a soft blue bird with spreading wings carrying a "wedding ring" of tiny blue stones in its mouth. Two matching gem-studded rings are clipped to Miriam's ears.

Of course, any period in history may be duplicated in modern dress, and at any time. In a group recently judged the ten best-dressed women in America, it was



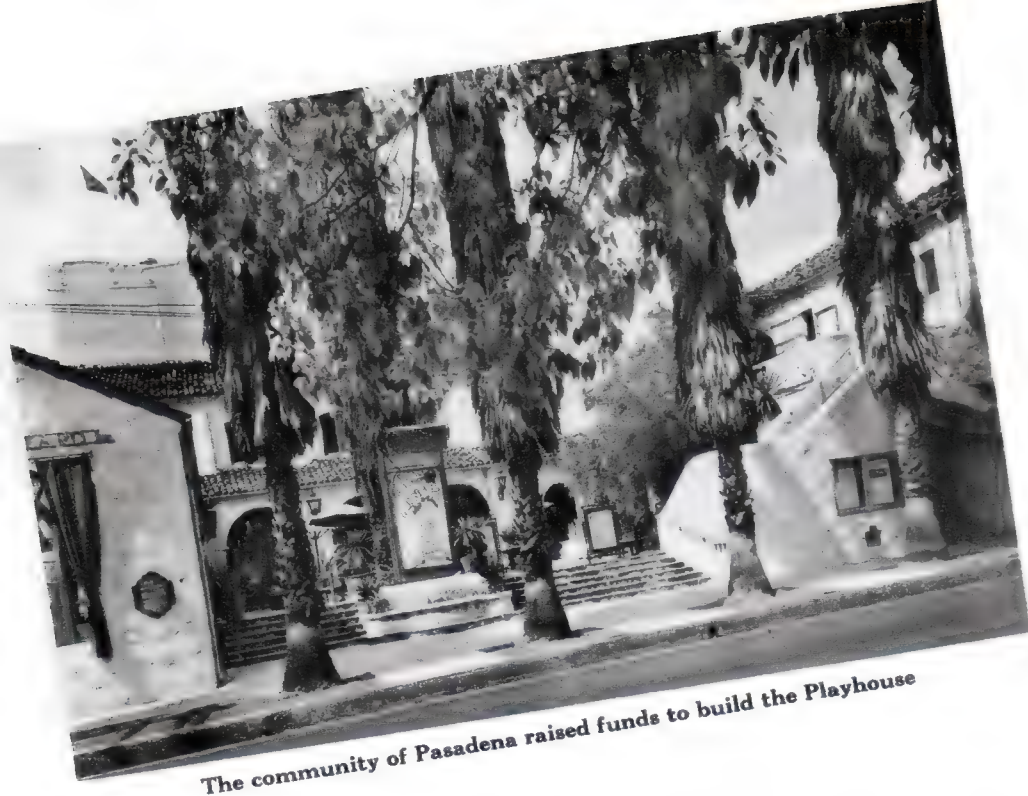
In "The Lady with Red Hair," Miriam Hopkins wears the clothes of the Gay Nineties—Milo of Hollywood translates the mode into fashions for 1941

interesting to notice the individual tendencies. One for example, was modern to the extreme, yet she developed every one of her costumes about her rare, exotic jewelry.

Another preferred the classic Grecian lines, and her clothes—modern enough to class her with the best-dressed—followed those simple, flowing lines.



A new bolero-dress is the out-growth of this Victorian model. The waist may be pin-tucked, if it is to be washable, or accordion pleated for elegance



The community of Pasadena raised funds to build the Playhouse

Community

The Pasadena Playhouse Little Theatres all

By ARLENE

EVERY woman, so 'tis said, cherishes the secret yearning to be a famous actress, though few make the first attempt. Hollywood is overrun with beauty contest winners praying for one lucky "break." But acting requires very much more than the desire for applause or the physical appeal to a judge's eye. It's hard work and more hard work. And success is the fulfillment of long experience in a great variety of roles.

Where, then, does the young woman — or the young man — with this burning ambition find experience? In amateur theatricals, perhaps, either in school or college or church. But more likely in the hundreds of Little Theatres—or Community Theatres—throughout the country. Here the non-professionals — the college girls and stenographers and homemakers—seek recreation or self-expression in the world of the theatre. For some of them, the brief experience is enough to quench the thirst of dramatic desire. Others go onward and upward, to the professional stock company, to the summer thea-

tre, to Broadway and Hollywood.

Such a theatre is the Pasadena Playhouse, now the State Theatre of California, the first American theatre to have produced all the plays of William Shakespeare, a theatre which in twenty-three years of uninterrupted production has offered more than 1100 plays.

Amateur Movement

The story of the Pasadena Playhouse is a history of humble beginnings. In 1917, an actor named Gilmor Brown brought a small stock company to Pasadena, but box office receipts could not maintain the company. Because of this, talented amateurs were invited to take part. On November 20, 1917, this group of amateurs gave their first performance at the Shakespeare Clubhouse. Subsequently they moved to the old Savoy Theatre, a dingy temple of mice, drafts and drama.

By 1925, the community accepted the Players' contribution to the cultural and amusement life of Pasadena. Then, through

popular effort and cooperation, funds were raised to construct the present theatre. The Playhouse, because of its proximity to Hollywood, became a "showcase for talent," an advantage which led to the formation in 1928 of the School of the Theatre. Today the Pasadena Playhouse is probably one of the largest contributors of talent to the legitimate stage and the movies. Dozens of film celebrities received their early training here—Robert Young, Gloria Stuart, Robert Preston, Randolph Scott, Lloyd Nolan, John Carradine, Wayne Morris, Victor Jory, to name only a few. Others, including Paul Muni, Robert Taylor, Sylvia Sydney, Stuart Erwin, gathered experience at the Playhouse during the early stages of their careers.

Educational Enterprise

The Playhouse School is a non-profit educational institution, incorporated under California laws, with as sincere a purpose as any other college or institution of

learning. Its course covers two years. In the first, the student works on stage, backstage and in rehearsal hall to lay a foundation for the roles and opportunities ahead. Cultural and academic, as well as theatrical, knowledge is taught in classrooms—drama history, voice and speech training, scenic and costume design, and fencing for body control, grace and poise.

In the second year, talents are broadened. The student participates in the production of plays before paying audience. With development of talents, opportunity is afforded to try out for Main Stage parts. From here, motion pictures, stage, radio, civic and school drama activities have absorbed 53% of the Playhouse graduates.

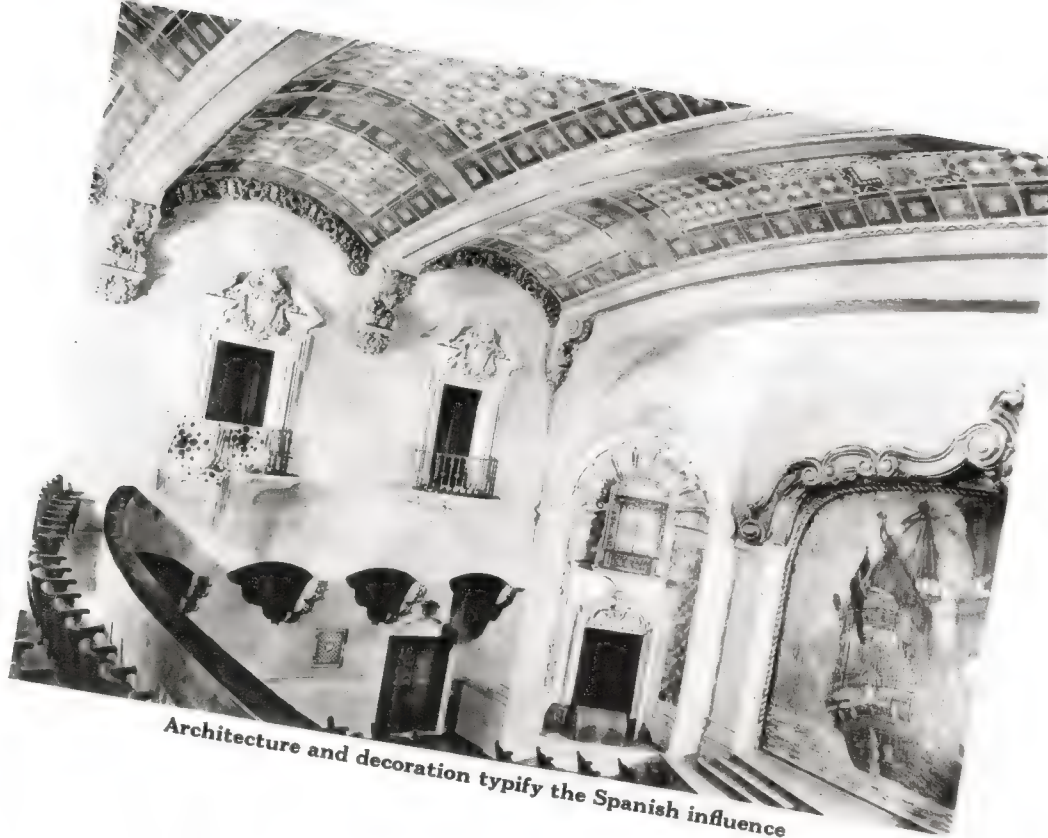
The present building seating 832 persons and valued, with its equipment at more than \$600,000, was constructed through the popular subscription of more than 3,000 friends. The Playhouse wardrobe contains more than 8,000 costumes, valued at \$35,000. Most of these were made by



Theatre

is a model example for
over the country

WOLFE



Architecture and decoration typify the Spanish influence

volunteer workers, and the collection is noted for its authenticity. With this producing plant, with a paid staff of 70 employees, the Pasadena Playhouse stands out as a model example in planning and practice for the Little Theatre movement throughout the country.

Traditions Are Upheld

The Playhouse is a cultural enterprise. It promotes the best traditions of the theatre, leaning toward literature and artistic value rather than to mere showmanship. Its productions are the finest type of dramatic achievement, regardless of the box office attraction.

Every play by William Shakespeare has been produced at the

Pasadena Playhouse: it is the first American theatre to have produced every one of the Bard's thirty-seven works.

Many notable productions have had their world premiere here — "Lazarus Laughed" by Eugene O'Neill; "Blind Alley" and "Big-Hearted Herbert." The American premiere of "Cavalcade" was at the Pasadena Playhouse.

During twenty-three years of uninterrupted producing, more than 1,100 plays have been offered to the public—a record unequalled by any theatre in the world. The world's most famous playwrights have had their works produced here.

In 1937 the Playhouse was named State Theatre of Cali-

fornia by the unanimous vote of the State Legislature. The honorary title was designed as an honor for the work done by the Playhouse and carried neither subsidy nor supervision.

The Pasadena Playhouse, being fundamentally a community theatre, has a membership of many people who join the organization because of their desire to assist in the educational and recreational work it is doing. No one, individual or corporation, receives any profit from its operation.

Does Not Compete With Theatre

To the Playhouse school, students have come from twenty-eight American states, from the District of Columbia and Canada, from Hawaii, Mexico, France and Hungary. Guest players, weary of one-night stands before half-hearted audiences, find here an enthusiasm and an idealism that is inspirational

and refreshing for the future.

Frequently the question is asked, concerning other Little Theatres as well as the Pasadena Playhouse: "Isn't this in direct competition with the commercial theatre?" The answer is no. Activities of the Little Theatre are to the advantage of the commercial theatre.

Eighty percent of the Playhouse productions, for example, are in field of the drama which the commercial theatre would not touch. Broadway is not dedicated to William Shakespeare, but to box office receipts.

On the other hand, plays which were denied consideration by professional producers have been tried out at the Playhouse and gone on to become New York successes.

Even the movies have profited from the Playhouse. With the advent of talking pictures, actors already prominent came to take part in Playhouse productions to improve voice weaknesses and defects. Indeed, it was this advantage among others, which led to the formation of the Playhouse School.



Eight plays by James Matthew Barrie were given last summer in the sixth annual midsummer drama festival: Opposite is a scene from *The Admirable Crichton*; above from *What Every Woman Knows*, and right, from *The Little Minister*. These students have progressed through the Playhouse school, the Laboratory Theatre, and finally, to the Main Stage





Hastars

The career of stewardess on an airline flagship

BY HELEN WEILL

THE story is told that an airline official, on one particularly bumpy trip, looked about at the passengers in the plane with him and noticed the nervous, tense expression of their faces. True, the weather was bad; sleet beat against the windows and the clouds hovered in dark, threatening masses. It was weather enough to harass the best pilot. But it was not conducive to passenger content.

"We ought to have someone to take their minds off the weather," he said to himself.

There were no women passengers on that plane. If there were, he thought, these men would not be looking so glum. They'd be too busy making snappy conversation. So the idea of an air hostess was born. If every passenger plane carried an official hostess, to make people feel confident and contented, why, then air travel would be more of a pleasant adventure.

He broached the subject at the next business meeting of his company. It did not meet with spontaneous approval.



First of all, the applicant for stewardess training must be a graduate nurse. Poise, personality and charm are carefully considered even before the applicant is allowed to attend Training School. (Many are called but few are chosen)

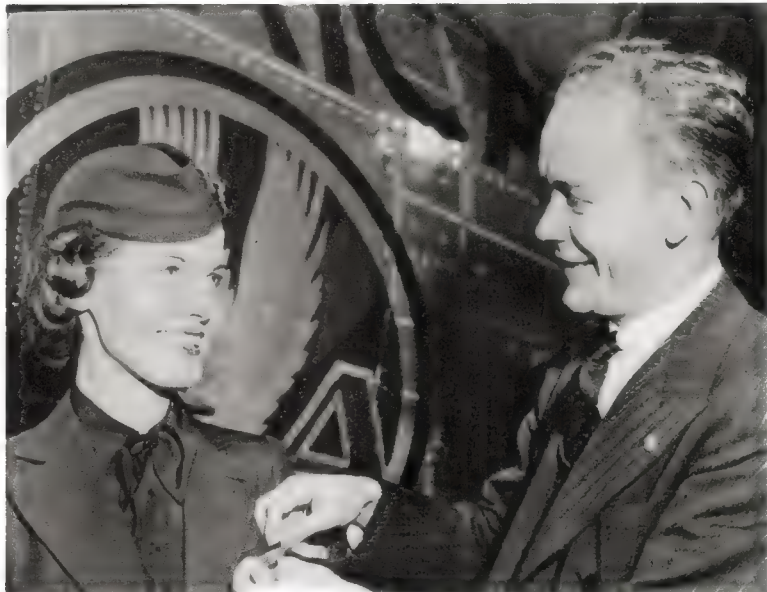


A rigid physical examination is given to those girls who pass the preliminary interview. Good health is essential, on the ground as well as in the air. The applicant must be under 25 years of age, and weigh no more than 125 pounds



Photos © American Airlines

Every flagship carries a galley. Piping hot meals are served on all long-distance flights. Stewardesses learn how to serve full course meals aloft, from steaming bouillon through filet mignon or roast chicken, to coffee and dessert



Graduation Day! Dudley Rice, assistant supervisor of passenger service, American Airlines, pins the stewardess' wings on her new uniform (blue for winter, cream for summer). Next she will be assigned to a regular run

of the Sky-Ways'

requires the ultimate in personality as well as a nurse's training and efficiency

"What? A girl?" the men asked.

Ridiculous, of course. Girls were nervous and timid and afraid of thunder and lightning. Only one in ten thousand made any sort of a flyer. What possible good could girls accomplish as regular members of a plane's crew?

But the man persisted. The day of fragile, fainting women was long past. Look at the way they drove cars. Look at their achievements in sports. Girls were plucky, yes indeed.

(We wish that man were immortalized in bronze.)

He persisted. Why not try out the idea? It might not work, but it could do no harm.

And so, after a good deal of argument, the plan was approved. Eight young women would be given the opportunity to train as regular air-line hostesses. But no flibbity-gibbets, mind. No thrill-seekers out for adventure. Sensible young women these would be, capable and confident and courageous. Girls who could face an emergency with the

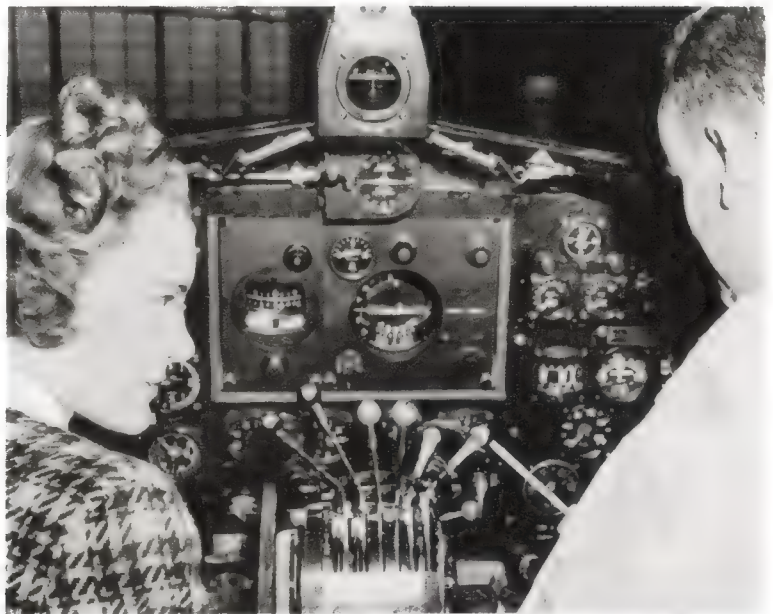
same quiet calm that was expected of their men.

One type of girl answered this description, and that was the trained nurse. She was trained to speed and efficiency and confidence. She knew how to meet an emergency.

Well, the rest is history. Those first eight girls more than proved their worth. Today the air hostess is an established personage. She has brought more than courage and efficiency to a great transport enterprise. She sets a new high in dignity and charm.



Classroom work is only part of the Stewardess' Training School program. In it they learn the flagship routes, flight conditions forecasting, elementary aerodynamics, radio-beam flying practices and other necessary information



Her training includes knowledge of what goes on "up front." Captains and first officers do the flying, but the stewardess has to be able to answer the regular questions from passengers on "What are we doing now?"



On the job, aboard sky sleepers, she has many tasks, but much of her time is spent chatting with the passengers, pointing out scenic spots along the route, or taking care of the children while mother and dad enjoy the flight



Part of the fun is playing hostess to celebrities. Here the stewardess pauses to let Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck know that they are approaching New York. There's never a dull moment above the clouds for the hostess



Photos © Porto Rican Line

Romance Trails

From every city they follow the paths
of the pioneers and the conquistadores



Photos © Porto Rican Line

THERE used to be a time when work-a-day people thought of vacation only as some happy period during July or August. But that was many years ago. Today the mid-winter holiday is an established fact.

Nor is this a luxury fact. Tours and cruises have been worked down to fit the scheme of any budget—from the little girl on her first job, to the hard-pressed homemaker with demands on every extra dollar.

Anybody with a hundred dollars—and that's only two dollars a week—can sail (or ride) off into the distant lands of romance for one or two weeks each year.

With Europe out of the picture temporarily, we're beginning to consider the possibilities of our own country. And as we consider, we discover happily that

our native shrines are not beyond the average reach.

The winter vacation idea has gained popularity because the United States offers so much change and beauty in its sunshine climates. Not only do we think of Florida and California: there's an immense belt of sunshine, from the Pacific to the Atlantic and out into all the fascinating islands of our West Indies. There's the great Southwest—land of the ancient Indians and Spanish conquistadores. There's Texas, with its native shrine, the Alamo. What American doesn't want to visit this memorial to Davy Crockett and

Above is La Fortaleza, the oldest gubernatorial mansion under the United States flag, at San Juan, Puerto Rico. The ancient Spanish stronghold has echoed to the footsteps of Spanish knights and American marines. Completed in 1540, it has been the official residence of the executive head of Puerto Rico since 1639. At the right is one of the private residences deep in the mountains of the island.



By Edward P. Skinner

the last little band that knew no surrender? Who doesn't want to see gay New Orleans during the Mardi Gras season?

Consider the hundred-dollar budget, therefore, and let's see where we can go. That depends, of course, upon where we start out from.

From New York

New Yorkers—and those living within an easy radius—have the advantage on cruises. The war has its hold upon Europe, but ships sail out of New York Harbor every day for gay adventure along the Atlantic coast. Cruises to Puerto Rico are just a few dollars beyond our budget, but they include sightseeing on the island. Of added interest this winter is the ancient Spanish "La Fortaleza," which is open to the public after extensive remodeling amounting to half a million dollars.

A February cruise to New Orleans from New York would hit that city during the height of Mardi Gras season: the trip is an escape into a quiet, leisurely life which New Yorkers have lost sight of.

Florida would come well within our budget, as would the beautiful sea islands around Savannah.

From Chicago

Chicago is a central point for "seeing America first," and these tourists have the benefit of special coach rates to the Far West.

From Chicago, our hundred dollars might purchase a vacation in Sun Valley, where the screen stars find relaxation. Or we might go as far as California, on a special coach rate. Certainly we could get to Texas—a little later on for the bluebonnet season—or we might get to Phoenix or Tucson where the tall cacti bloom. Certainly from Chicago, we may have a choice of "dude" or guest ranches. Those who enjoy history may visit Salt Lake City; those who admire engineering achievements may see Boulder Dam.

Rail travel out of Chicago is comfortable and inexpensive, and our choice of vacation spot may be down in the sunshine or up along the frozen ski trails. Later on, ships will travel down the Mississippi, but these cover distances slowly. Later on, also, the Great Lakes will be ready for early Spring tourists.

From San Francisco

Now for those who live in San Francisco: (As we make these suggestions from the wintry streets of New York, it seems that, after all, those on the Pacific Coast have all the advantage.) There's a Grand Canyon trip, which can easily be worked into our budget. Or we may find adventure down Mexico way, at Tia Juana. For scenic beauty, there's Yosemite; for memories of adventure, there's Death Valley with its Rhyolite ghost city and Scotty's Castle; there are dude ranches in all degrees of climate. Yes, indeed, to be in California is vacation enough, whether one has a hundred dollars or not!

February 1941



Southern Pacific

Dude ranches gain popularity each season: here four dude-ettes get together beneath a giant sahuaro cactus between Tucson and Phoenix, Arizona



Southern Pacific

Here is the Alamo in San Antonio, last stand of Davy Crockett and his band of 181 Texans, against the incongruous background of a modern skyscraper



Photos © Santa Fe

Grand Canyon remains one of the great wonders of the world, a mecca for tourists from one end of the year to the other. Above, return after a day spent

on the inner trails. Below, left: the Tennis Club at Palm Springs in California. Right: Ranchos de Taos Mission near Taos, New Mexico, built in 1776





Jose Ferrer, shown above with his wife and two members of the household, also plays the part of SMART's first guest instructor in Spanish

SMART offers this series of "Lessons in Spanish" conducted by interesting personalities from Latin America. We make no pretense of teaching grammar: this is primarily for entertainment—and a better understanding of those who speak another language.



Say it in

(If you can, that is)

De Puerto Rico a "Charley's

per JOSE

NACÍ en Santurce, Puerto Rico, en el año de 1912, y la edad de cinco años mi padre me trajo a Nueva York donde me matriculé en una academia católica. Mi padre abandono su carrera de abogacía para dedicarse enteramente a la administración de sus propiedades en Puerto Rico, que afortunadamente podía hacerlo desé los Estados Unidos, pues eran sus deseos el educarnos en los Estados Unidos y al mismo tiempo estar cerca de nosotros.

Después de varios meses en la academia, me dediqué tan ambiciosamente al piano, que tanto mi familia como yo creimos que yo seguiria los pasos de Paderweski. Sinembargo, lo mas cerca que he llegado a esta profesiá es en el tercer acto de "Charley's Aunt" que actualmente se reprenata en el teatro de Cort, donde soy el protagonista principal, y en el cual tóco "Believe Me If

All Those Endearing Young Charms." Afortunadamente, solamente fallo en media docena de claves, unas veces más y otras veces menos pero ahí me sigo defendiendo.

"Charley's Aunt" es la famosa comédia escrita por el escritor Ingles Brandon Thomas hace más de cuarenta-ocho años y que en la cual describe deliciosamente la vida escolar en la Universidad de Oxford. Esto me hace recordar tanto mis felices dias en Princeton, donde, ' incidentalmente, el director de esta comédia, Joshua Logan, era mi condiscípulo. Nunca sonamos que algun dia estariamos asiados en el teatro como ahora lo estamos.

Nunca ha podido explicarle a mi padre la razón por la cual me tarde cinco años en graduarme en Princeton, pero a Ustedes, mis lectores, les voy a decir el porqué. Y el secreto es que en mi primero año, volví darle con

(Izquierda) Caído del cielo y no en baño de rosas . . . (derecha) Demasiado cariño



Smart

Spanish

if not, a translation follows)

Aunt'' En Veinte-ocho Años.

FERRER

la música, y aunque todavía no era un experto en el piano, formé una orquesta, no muy grande, pero éramos cuatro o cinco. La popularidad de esta banda fué creciendo tanto que al poco tiempo tenía una banda de 14 piezas.

Al principio solamente tocábamos en jaranitas y pequeños festitas de la universidad, pero poco a poco fuimos haciéndonos conocer, que ya tocamos en los bailes grandes de graduación. No porque éramos tan buenos sino que como con la depresión la universidad no podía alquilar bandas famosas como Paul Whiteman, etc. Se tenían que conformar con una imitación. Durante los veranos recorrimos las Indias Occidentales y un año, recorrimos a Europa. Este año fue el año que aumento a cinco mis cuatro años en Princeton.

Aunque mis estudios colegiales habían sido para otra carrera en

1935, el año antes de mi graduación, de pronto realice que tenía que dejar de estar enganadome, pues mi ambicion era el teatro. Esto lo trajo las varias partes que tomé en el "Princeton Trangle Club" donde la universidad presenté la drama.

Por fin, conseguí una parte en la comedia "A Slight Case of Murder," donde solamente tenía una sentencia que hablar. Entonces ejecuté en "Boy Meets Girl" donde tuve tres sentencias. De ahí fuí teniendo majores partes en varias dramas, entre ellos "Brother Rat," "Mamba's Daughters" and "Key Largo."

El verano pasa en Mt. Kisco, me encontré con mi amigo y condiscípulo Joshua Logan y inmediatamente me asocié con el como director y actor en varias comedias.

Aquí decidimos ofrecerla a los empresarios Skinner y Tuttle pa-

ra que revivieran la comedia famosa "Charley's Aunt" y el resultados de todo esto esta todas las noches en teatro de Cort.

La noche antes de la primera función mi esposa, Uta Hagen, me hizo aún más feliz al traerme

a mundo nuestra primera nena, Leticia. Ahora me alegro al haber aprendido a tocar el piano, pues ahora todos las noches tengo tocar arrullos para dormir nuestra hijita.

(Translated on page 63)



La interesante tia

(Izquierda) Un mai trago de humo . . . (derecha) Por poco el gato se sale del saco





Ilka Chase introduces the passing celebrities on her NBC program every Saturday afternoon

Illust us

From a day during the Gay Nineties
the history of this hotel

BY
MARION GRAY

THERE are certain places on the "we-must-go" list which every one of us carries in the sub-conscious. Each Mohammedan has his Mecca, each Frenchman his Cafe de la Paix.

And every American girl or woman—from Seattle to Pensacola—thinks of "Luncheon at the Waldorf" as a very special

date, one which sooner or later *must* come to pass.

Happily, we may gather vicariously each Saturday afternoon, when Ilka Chase—of stage and fashion fame — plays hostess to a specially chosen group of guests and offers us, over the NBC network, a "menu" of information on happenings in theatre, fash-

ions, current events and society.

It isn't merely the prestige of a popular resort which makes the average American conscious of the Waldorf Astoria in New York. Perhaps no hotel in all the world has ever played so great a part in the founding of a nation. The background of the Waldorf is the background of America.

From the day in 1893 when the old hotel was opened on 34th Street—site of the Empire State Building today—the names of its guests might form a complete list of *Who's Who* in America, the British *Who's Who*, and the *Almanach de Gotha*.

The American Tradition

Men who helped create America gathered here; men who built our railroads and financed our industries; men who dominated the world. Every gold rush was followed sooner or later by an influx of men in wide-brimmed hats and cowhide boots: they stood at the old bar side by side with princes of old Europe and rajahs of India, resplendent in uniform and ornament. Here revolutionary plots were formulated and changed orders in Latin America: here the very conversation was the written word of Kipling or Richard Harding Davis.

Gold miners, lumber kings, cattle men and railroad men . . . they were all part of a new and growing country; each man a king in his own right!

Indeed, there was a day when the old Waldorf bar was practically an extension of the Stock Exchange, when sessions were adjourned to meet uptown over a cocktail. Fortunes were staked

and industries were born. And to the credit of these men of fortune may be mentioned the dedication of Albert Stevens Crockett's "Old Waldorf-Astoria Bar Book," recalling as he does:

*"Certain Gentlemen of Other Days,
Who Made of Drinking
One of the Pleasures of Life—
Not one of its Evils;
and
Who, Whatever they Drank,
Proved Able to Carry it,
Keep their Heads
And Remain Gentlemen,
Even in their Cups.
Their Example
Is Commended
to their
Posterity."*

Yes, they were great old boys who rested their feet on that brass rail!

However, the Waldorf was not merely a man's hotel; certainly it was a rendezvous of lovely ladies as well. Peacock Alley, through the years, has been a proper trysting spot. Here, in the glamorous Nineties, Diamond Jim Brady undoubtedly met Lillian Russell, and Lily Langtry held out her hand to another Grand Duke, as New York's best-dressed society ladies looked on through golden lorgnettes.

Old with the New

Today there is a new Waldorf—modern to every last detail. But old memories have been retained. The great clock of bronze and mahogany, which caught the glances of so many tardy ladies, still ticks away, registering the hours of New York, Greenwich, Paris and Madrid on its four faces of silver and gold.



at the Waldorf

when the old Waldorf opened its doors to the public
is the story of the progress of a nation

The famous Astor dining room, transferred from the old mansion to the first Waldorf, has been carefully preserved in its present third home. The historic wood-work, ceiling, wall panels, door and mantel of black walnut from the early Victorian period, were fitted into a room of the same dimensions when the new hotel was constructed. Famous murals from the old hotel were preserved in the new.

Famous Recipes

The world-famous Oscar still presides over the service: His famous recipes are followed by the chefs whom he has trained. What are his favorites? Well, that is hard to say. People come to the Waldorf because they expect something different, something they do not eat every day.

Ladies like a cocktail now, they didn't always. Perhaps they order the "Peacock Alley" because of its romantic name. It's a simple one, and he recommends it.

To make it, use the juice of half a lime, one tablespoon of maple syrup and a jigger of Charleston rum; add cracked ice, shake well and strain into a cocktail glass.

Ice cream is the favorite dessert, and women like the flavors that are different. The newest one this year is Kumquat, originated by Gabriel Lugot, the executive chef, who gives us the recipe:

- 1 quart of heavy cream
- 1 cup kumquat in syrup
- 4 egg yolks
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon Curacao

Cook the cream and sugar together. When boiling, add the beaten egg yolks, stirring constantly. When thoroughly mixed, remove from the fire and strain. Allow to cool, then stir in the

finely chopped kumquats and add the Curacao. Freeze. This makes 1½ quarts, about enough for eight people.

The food, however, is not only for the gourmet. The Waldorf, for all its glamour, is a family hotel. In the home-cooking kitchen, women cooks prepare simple everyday dishes as served in the average American home, to please those wearied travelers who grow tired of the routine restaurant fare. The menu might be a cross-section of the nation's preferences, from New England boiled dinner to Southern Fried

Chicken. And dessert would be the same apple pie your mother used to make.

So they keep on coming, the old Americans and the world celebrities, to mingle with the memories of our nation. The Waldorf is today's hotel, modern

as its chromium fittings, but the old traditions shine through, the old traditions of a great nation in the making.

Meet us at the Waldorf—over the air some Saturday for luncheon—or in person, the next time you come to town!

Miss Chase, a celebrity herself for matters concerning clothes, discusses the news in Spring millinery with Lily Dache



Hollywood Goes to the Mountains

By
PRISCILLA PAGE



Mildred Coles of RKO wears cap and zippered jacket of white felt, embroidered by brilliant braid. The ski trousers are navy blue, and the entire ensemble is waterproofed so that one can tumble off the bobsled at every turn. The red, white and blue combination is very popular in sports wear

Anne Shirley calls attention to her warm-as-toast vestee of white lamb's wool worn with waterproofed trousers of black wool. The woolen shirt and visored cap are brilliant red, and the white gloves are peasant embroidered



Casually and comfortably clad for winter sports, Virginia Vale is waterproofed from head to toe. Navy ski pants are topped by a bright windbreaker of holly red with detachable hood. The red mittens feature Bavarian embroidery

Virginia Vale cuts graceful capers on the ice in this Russian-styled costume. Peasant banding, embroidered in red and white, defines the top, long sleeves and wrap-around skirt of royal blue waterproofed wool. A red and white leather purse hangs on a blue leather belt to hold carfare



Olivia de Havilland's skating costume combines a bright green wool jersey blouse and brilliant red gabardine skirt, finished with white flannel suspenders accented with bright hearts and flowers



Snacks and Tidbits

For that informal pick-up when
the neighbors drop in for bridge

"IN hospitality," said the Greeks, "the will is the chief thing."
The Greeks have a lot of pretty good ideas, apparently.

Of course, we who are the cooks, know that hospitality can be more fun when the burden is light, and so we've lined up a few snacks that have a festive air.

The Hospitality Platter

First in order is a hospitality platter, with slices of spicy salami, savory cocktail sausages, wedges of bologna, bite-size chunks of boiled ham, liverwurst slices, and more ham. With toothpicks in the center, to take the place of forks, and hot biscuits (buttered if you like) close beside, what more would a hungry foursome desire?

It's a wise hostess who knows her tidbits—still a wiser one who realizes that nothing tastes so good as a tasty chunk of meat on a toothpick.

Party Sandwiches

Remove crusts from thin slices of bread and cut into oblong, circle and diamond shapes.

Circles: Fill with chopped celery and mayonnaise, and top with pasteurized date slice. The one-layer circles are spread with peanut butter and also garnished with a date slice.

Diamonds: Spread one half with cream cheese and the other half with jelly. Garnish cream cheese side with two thin slices of pasteurized date.

Oblongs: Fill with layer of thin pasteurized date slices and cover with layer of chopped celery and mayonnaise.

Stuffed Dates: For center of plate, stuff pitted and pasteurized dates with cream cheese; garnish with small pieces of ginger and arrange on small individual lettuce beds.

Coffee Strips

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 ½ cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder

¼ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup cocoa
½ cup double-strength freshly made coffee
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening and sugar and add well beaten eggs. Sift together dry ingredients and add alternately with coffee. Add vanilla. Turn into oiled pan and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes. Cool and frost in pan with Coffee Frosting below. Cut in strips.

1 ½ cups sugar
1 tablespoon white corn syrup
½ cup double-strength coffee
½ teaspoon salt

2 egg whites
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons shaved bitter chocolate
24 half pecans

Combine sugar, corn syrup and coffee in saucepan. Cook slowly stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking until the syrup forms a hard ball in cold water (254° F.). Add salt to egg whites and beat until stiff. Add syrup slowly beating constantly until frosting is stiff enough to spread on cake. Sprinkle ⅓ of the top of the frosted cake with shaved bitter chocolate, leave ⅓ plain and on the remaining ⅓ pecan halves placed at intervals.

Brazil Nut Nibbles

Every snack-party must have its dish of nuts, so here are some out-of-the-ordinary variations.

Glacéd Brazil Nuts

Mix 1 cup sugar, ½ cup light corn syrup, and ½ cup water in top part of double boiler. Cook over direct heat (300° F.) until a small amount hardens in cold water. Remove at once from heat, cool slightly, then set in hot water (in bottom part of double boiler). Drop several Brazil nuts at a time into the syrup. When well-coated remove one by one, drain well and place on greased pan or marble slab to cool.

Sugared Brazil Nuts

Prepare as glacéd Brazil nuts but toss each nut thoroughly in granulated sugar after removing from syrup and place on greased pan or marble slab to cool.

Toasted Salted Brazil Nuts

Bake shelled Brazil nuts 10 to 12 minutes in moderate oven. Remove from oven and sprinkle generously with salt.

As an alternate method add ½ tablespoon of butter to every pound of shelled Brazil nuts before placing in oven. Stir several times during roasting. Add salt after removing from oven.



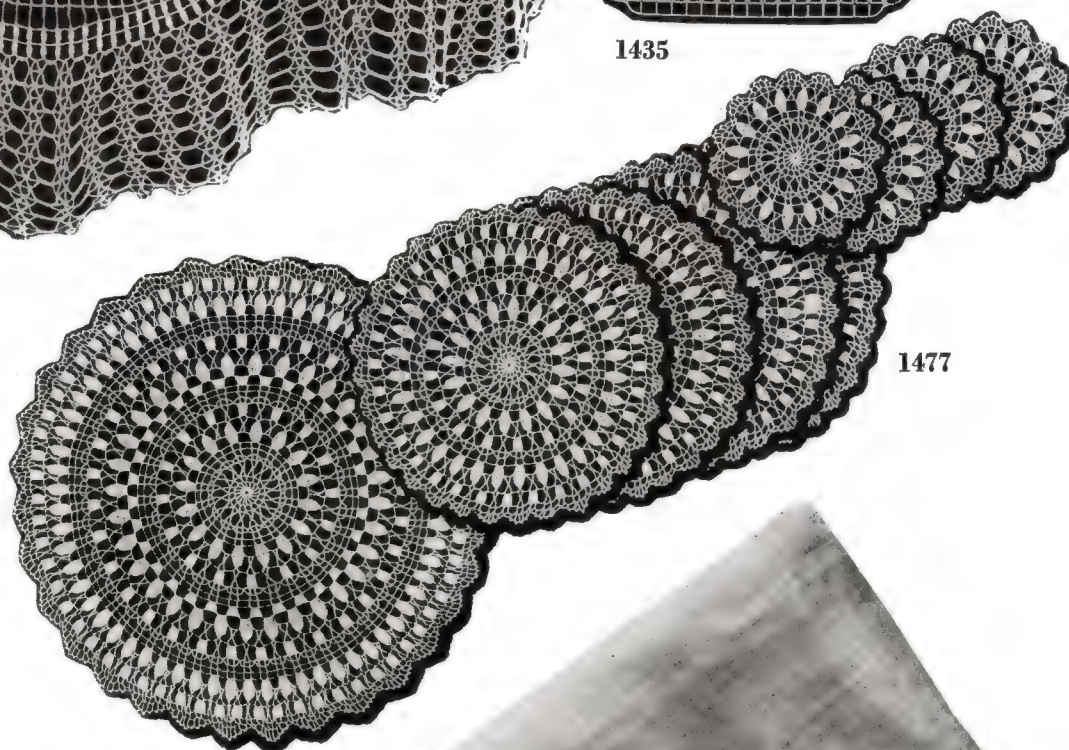
Needle and

By PRISCILLA



1435

1435. Cover your table with this lacy cloth, easily made during those spare moments you're bound to have daily. It can be used when serving the most festive dinner. A single section can be used as an individual doily. With size 30 crochet cotton, the cloth measures approximately 65 inches in diameter.



1477

1477. Crocheted doilies can be scattered around the house or used as luncheon and dinner mats. They are made up of simple stitches enabling one to work them up quickly. The largest doily measures 16½ inches in diameter while the remaining two measure 10½ and 6 inches.



1220

1220. The after-bridge snack is always inviting, especially when served on a crisp organdy cloth. The bunches of crocheted grapes are appliquéd to the cloth. The cloth can be made to fit every table.

Patterns, 10 cents each. All patterns include detailed instructions, also hot-iron transfer

Thread

PAGE

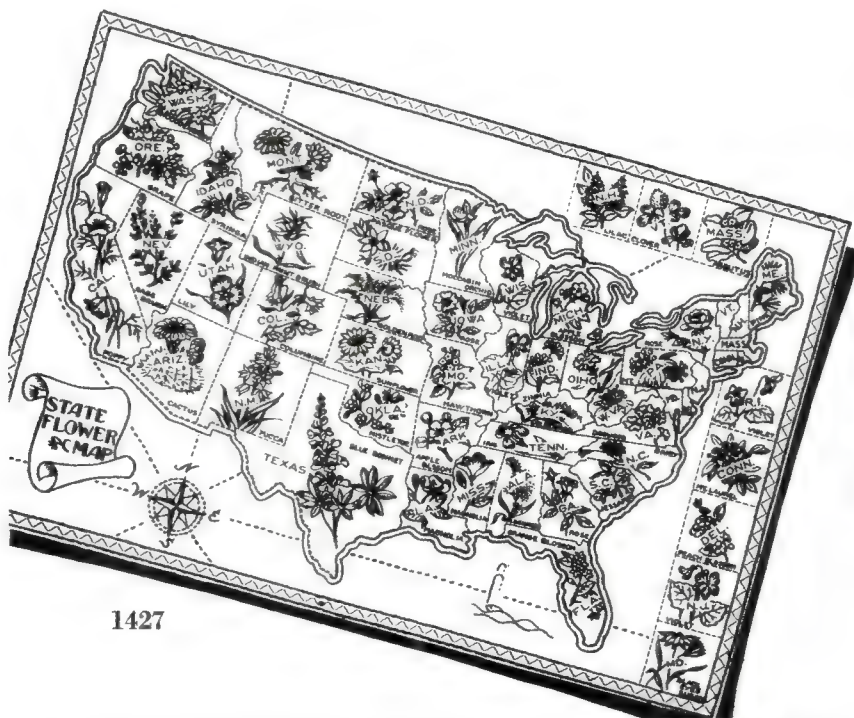
1394. One need not be an artist to depict the four seasons of the year on linen. It can be easily accomplished with needle and thread in suggested colors. This set of four pictures will add interest and color to the room. They measure 5 by 5½ inches each, but can be made to look larger by using a larger frame.



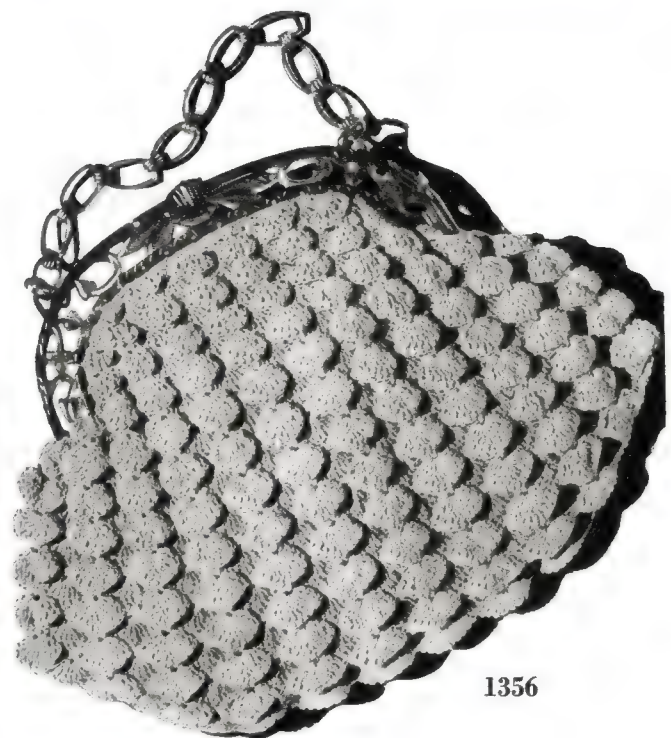
1394

1356. Your friends will not be envious of your lovely crocheted shell purse when you tell them how simple it is to make one. With gimp, your bag is durable and inexpensive. Make one to match each outfit. When completed, the bag measures approximately 8 inches deep and 10 inches across the widest part.

1427. Learning the name and position of each state can be simple and enjoyable on this embroidered map. But best of all, you will learn the official flower for each state, in all their natural colors. The map, measuring 16 by 22 inches, can be embroidered for the library or the children's room.



1427



1356



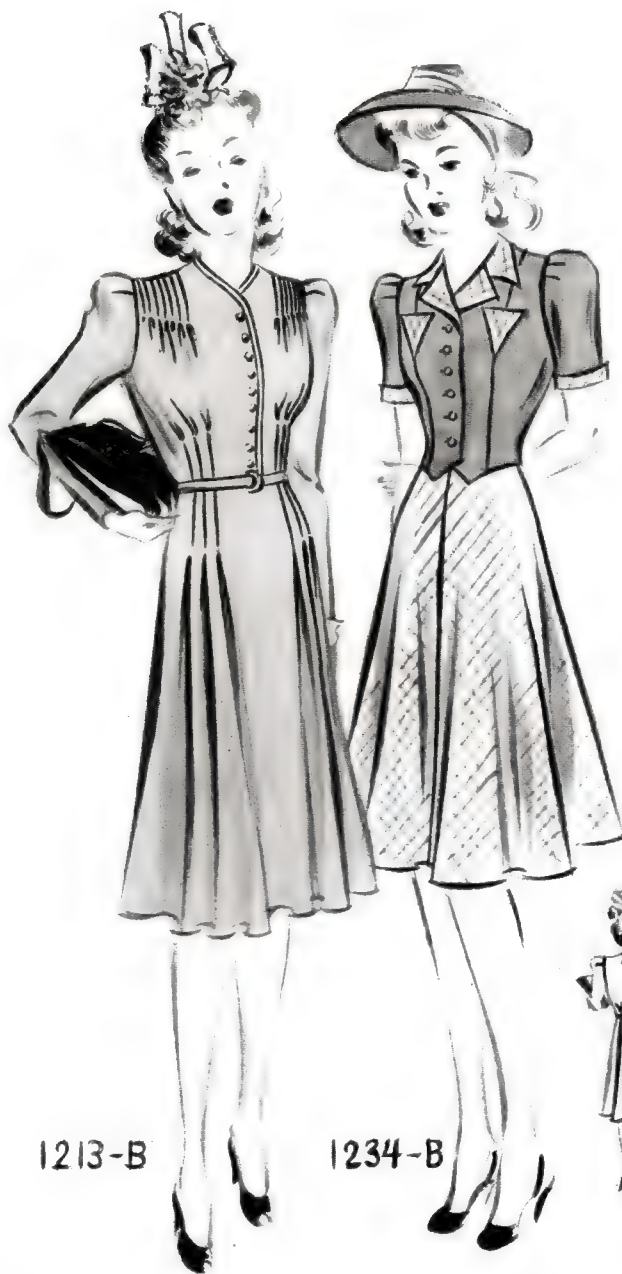
1278-B

1278-B. Here is the new longer waistline, collarless neckline and soft front fullness, which looks so well on smaller figures.

Designed for sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 13, in printed silk, requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39 inches wide, and can be made for approximately \$3. In sharkskin, for about \$3.50. Or in pastel flannel, requiring $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54 inches wide, for about \$3.75.

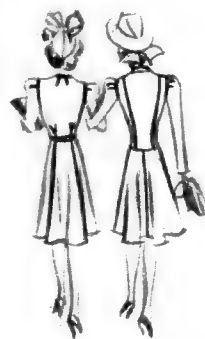
Make these

It's always easy on the budget



1213-B

1234-B



1213-B. Long darts at the waistline belittle your midriff, particularly when they break into flattering fullness above and below.

Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 16, in linen, takes $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35 inches wide and costs approximately \$6. In spun rayon, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39 inches wide, approximately \$2.25. In sheer wool, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54 inches wide, approximately \$3.50.

1234-B. This two-piece model accents the waistline. Collar may be rolled or notched.

Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 14 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards rayon taffeta, or spun rayon, 39 inches wide, and costs about \$3. In rayon shantung about \$4.25.

All patterns 15 cents each. Order from Pattern Dept.,

Smart

yourself

when you sew your own clothes

By Priscilla Page

1252-B. This pinafore-blouse for juniors offers enormous patch pockets, darted waistline, with shirring in front.

Designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. In size 13, the jumper in rayon jersey requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards, costs approximately \$2; in sheer wool 54 inches wide, it takes $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards, costs about \$2.25. The blouse in linen requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards 35 inches wide, costs about \$2; in flat rayon crepe 39 inches wide requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards and costs about \$1.25.



1283-B. This smooth, slenderizing style is guaranteed to create a slim-hipped, high-busted line.

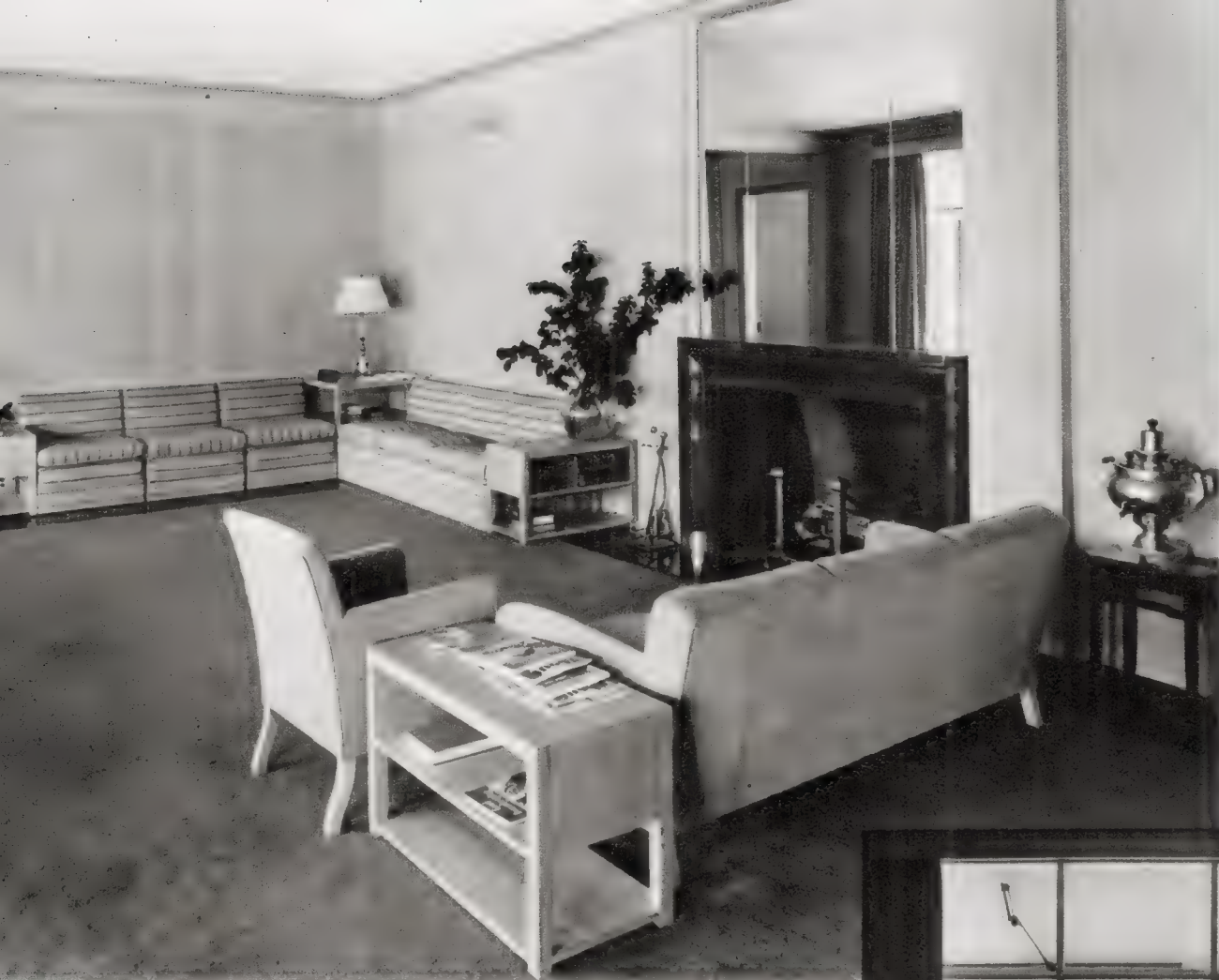
Designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust. Size 38, in rayon flat crepe, requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39 inches wide, and costs about \$4.



1976-B. Here is the important two-piece look in a beautifully tailored one-piece dress.

Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 14, in chambray, requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35 inches wide for the waist, costing approximately \$1; for the skirt, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of cotton suiting, 35 inches wide, costing about \$1. Entire dress in sports silk, requires 3 yards 39 inches wide, costing about \$2.50.





Kappa Alpha Theta's streamlined living room combines the maximum of comfort and beauty which might easily be imitated on a smaller scale for modern living rooms. A beige mohair chair and couch and spacious blonde wood table with plenty of room for magazines form a cozy nook around the fire place. The corner couches of handwoven striped plum and beige may be broken up into six separate chairs. Walls are of bleached light grey Philippine mahogany and the broadloom carpet is a warm rose-beige.

Another example of utilitarianism and beauty is the corner grouping shown at the right. The blonde wood furniture is arranged in a large window, with plenty of light for studying, chit-chatting or nibbling. The chairs have comfortable upholstered seats and graceful rounded backs. The round blonde table has a convenient shelf for books and other paraphernalia, and fresh flowers make a cheerful centerpiece. The terrace beyond features large lounging chairs for the sun-worshippers, light enough to be moved around in pursuit of a sun-tan. Nice for studying on warm spring days too, and equally nice for your sun-parlor.

Halls at Kappa Alpha Theta are neither dull nor dingy, but literally reflect the interesting treatment of surrounding rooms with mirrored walls. Vases of fresh flowers, and conveniently-placed end tables help a lot in any hall. The whole atmosphere is one of dignity as well as gayety and light—well suited to its youthful and studious inhabitants.



New Sorority House for Kappa Alpha Theta

by Helen Lockwood

MODERN to the last ash-tray, this new sorority house for Kappa Alpha Theta in Berkeley, California, is an inspiration to sorority sisters the country over.

The living room—20 by 45 feet—is completely stream-lined, and furniture is made in the break-down type of unit which permits flexibility of arrangement at the least strain on the muscles.

The modern trend bends easily to the formal or the informal.

Tea in the afternoon for faculty members may be gracious and dignified, with every flower in its proper bowl and every chair at the proper angle to its conversational neighbor. In ten minutes the same room may be rearranged for the evening's dance, with the furniture pushed back to make a perfect seating arrangement for chaperones and wall flowers—that is, if any Kappa Alpha Theta sister could be a wallflower.



SOMEBODY, a feminist pal remarked with smoldering eyes, should write a really thorough survey of the great difference between the size and strength of women today and of our great-great-grandmothers. The modern college girl is taller, wider in the shoulders, bigger around the waist, than her ancestresses. That's flat, and no back-talk, please. As for girls' feet, officially the most beautiful girl in America wears a shoe that would have caused her great-great-grandmother to run and tell the boys there was an Indian canoe in the neighborhood.

So, armed with a notebook, and grinning a bit at poor great-grandma's weak little physique, we gathered a batch of histories and set to work to collect the data on these modern Amazons' feminine progenitors. And the first sentence that tramped boldly across the first page was: "Zenobia, the queen of Palmyra, marched at the head of her troops when she was seventy."

Ah, well, we said, it was probably the *American* ancestresses who were always fainting at the sight of a mouse. And in the index of the first early American history there was what seemed to be a good beginning: Kennebec River, Mrs. Pentry, 1672. Probably a dainty little wisp of a thing in one of those grey costumes with white organdie collars and cuffs. However, Mrs. Pentry, 1672, in real life, saw an Indian fighting with her husband, and stepping shyly into the yard, simply drove her hunting knife to the haft in the Indian's spine. (Not Mr. Pentry's knife, either: *her* knife. The history was quite definite about that.)

Turning rapidly to another page, we saw hopefully the name of Mrs. Dustin. Now, we said, as the old examination papers at school used to inquire so politely: What of Mrs. Dustin? Well, Gentle Readers, it's a pity to have to bring it up, but Mrs. Dustin and two other dainty little Colonial girls sneaked up and killed ten sleeping Indians with their little hatchets. And would it be your idea that they then fled in horror from the scene? Well, only for a few yards. For it was then that one of the girls chanced to remark that, when they should later be using the story to further the art of dinner table conversation, she bet the men wouldn't believe it. And after this heart-to-heart bit of chat, the ladies returned, neatly scalped all ten Indians, and took the scalps home for souvenirs.

Hastily returning to the gentle and famous name of Mercy Warren, we then read, "Mercy Warren said that women should affect being inferior, as it pleased men and did no harm."

Who Said Fragile?

By DEARING WARD
in the *Independent Woman*

And of this notion, certainly somebody should write a special and separate monograph. When girls of a race that goes about ready to aim hunting knives at Indian spines, decide to "affect being inferior" *how* do they go about putting over the idea?

Despairing absolutely of New England, we turned optimistically to early Virginia. There, now preserved as a museum piece, a letter had been written by the wife of the first Governor Floyd of Virginia, telling her son of early history.

At first it looked like the very thing: immediately upon settling on grants of land, the slightly later forefathers all sent for tutors to instruct the children, with due emphasis on the pretty art of Penmanship, along with Mathematics and the rest. Surely some fragile ancestresses, and even a few fainting fits, could be located around there.

But no. The first thing that met the eye was the rousing account of a Mrs. Ingles, whose name today is not among the most famous, and so whose career must have been not too startling then. In short, one morning when the first Governor Floyd's grandfather was away from home, a party of visiting Indians scalped most of the neighbors and took Mrs. Ingles captive.

Three months later Mrs. Ingles gave birth to a daughter. And a month after that she decided that she simply couldn't stand the Indians another minute. Come hell and high water, Mrs. Ingles wanted to see Colonel Ingles. (Apparently Mrs. Ingles didn't care for girls; she left the infant with the Indians).

She, and a Dutch woman who was also a captive, successfully escaped. They lived on blackberries, sassafras, leaves and frogs, with upon occasion a snake, and another time a coon, eaten raw. Mrs. Floyd's account of the odyssey, written in 1843, concludes: "She was afterwards the mother of a highly respectable family . . . I remember to have seen her fifty years ago. She was then eighty years old, looking florid and erect." We bet she did, too.

But perhaps, we decided, remembering those statistics, it was still later that ladies were fragile. What about the famous party-girl Dolly Madison, for instance, with her satin turbans and her noted laugh?

Dolly, however, wasn't a heroine—in a novel. She heard the British were coming and her first thought was to run back and save the portraits. Before she could say "mouse trap" she was settled back in the White House, again

"towering over the crowded levees" with "her laughter always ringing out." And while it may have been slightly exaggerated, a far from satirical writer in Washington wrote when Dolly was past seventy-five that she was "going to parties and receiving company, with a complexion as fresh as that of an English school girl."

Well, after that, the histories all galloped off with the covered wagons, and we gave up. Getting around statistics is nothing compared to getting around covered wagons. Everybody who seriously considers those marches across the scorching western plains must feel that our early American ancestresses were equal to Queen Zenobia at the head of her troops, any day. The very idea of going through South Dakota without a jar of cold cream is enough to convince any thinking woman that those ladies were invincible.

In fact, it is work for a detective to figure out just who began this theory about women, then or now, being weak and fragile. Certainly in real life, then and now, the Lass with the Delicate Air has been and is no mere bit of fluff when it comes to driving across deserts and managing a job at home or abroad.

As a literary fashion, fragility undoubtedly had its day. But if you take it too literally, what are you going to think about history and biography? Even the rulers of England who gave their names to its two most outstanding eras were the robust Elizabeth and Victoria. Fancy calling Victoria fragile. And the royal Bess would probably have kicked you down stairs, shouting what was then known as "a string of oaths."

Anybody with the most cursory interest in genealogy is frequently dumbfounded at the equally vigorous careers of less prominent ladies. It is not even unusual in early American records to read of those who had a dozen children, survived several husbands, and managed plantations during the widowed intervals. Few, of course, competed in this field with the celebrated Martha Jane Canary, who is said by one historian to have had fifteen spouses, all shot by Indians or people who just didn't like them; and who also got in several personal fights with the Indians as she made her regular trip driving the mail coach from Deadwood to Culver City.

These were the ladies of early America in real life. Not a bottle of smelling salts in a carload.

But, if these were the early American women, and since the American women today are so much taller and wider and stronger, what, Gentle Reader, *what* of the capacities of American women today?





Photos © Museum of the City of New York

Above: A drawing room in Old New York, from the home of Steven Whitney, built in 1827 at 7 Bowling Green, shows some splendid 18th Century furniture which is still in vogue today

Right: This paneled room, from a house at 29 Cherry Street built in 1760, features the contrasting papered wall so popular at present: furnishings are typical of the second half of the 18th Century



The background for living more than a century ago coordinated the very details which lend dignity to our present-day living rooms

WHEN REDCOATS RULED NEW YORK

By RUTH FISCHER THURSTON, A.I.D.

Condensed from an article in the INTERIOR DECORATOR

THE general Magazine of Modern Spectator published in May of 1776 at 59 Pater Noster Row in London, stated that "New York is a colony in North America. It is bounded on the East by New England and on the North by Canada; on the South by New Jersey and on the West by the Delaware River. It produces corn, abounds in cattle and has a good supply of horses, but the inhabitants are chiefly employed in fisheries. They supply the Carribee Islands with flour, salt, beef, pork, salt fish, horses and leather. They export great quantities of fish to Europe and also whalebone, train oil and logs of wood to England from whence they are supplied with tools and 'clothing' and furniture.

New York, the capitol, is seated on an island at the mouth of Hudson's Bay River. It stands on an eminence and is surrounded by a wall and has other fortifications. It has spacious harbors with commodious quays and warehouses.

"This is an account of New York as it was written before the late American troubles. What it now is, or soon may be, providence alone can dictate or foresee!"

Foresee forsooth! Let us look back and peer thru the soft haze of time. The morning mist from the river is slowly rising, and the sun's early rays pick out the shining letters of the signs before the shops in Dock, Chapel and Crown Streets, the signs of the

cabinet and chair makers, mantua and peruke makers, carvers, gilders, and printers. The City is astir, for daylight hours are precious in this dimly lighted place. Chapel Street, Crown Street, of course, you know them, but perhaps better by the present designations of Beeckman and Liberty Streets.

There are approximately thirty-four hundred houses of frame, brick and stone, for this is New York when the Redcoats ruled. Churches, taverns, markets, shops and residences elbow one another in Wall and Queen Sts.

The New York City townhouse of pre-revolutionary days is no more, although Oliver DeLancey's home (today historic Fraunces Tavern) was once a

dwelling and shows best our architecture of the time when our City was under British rule. Our fashions were naturally English as was our mode of life. Walk along Pearl Street with me and see in memory that fine Georgian stone and brick mansion of Mr. William Walton, the finest pre-revolutionary New York City residence. Then over to the Broadway to No. 1, the home of Sir Henry Clinton. In historic annals the house is known as the Kennedy house and stood in that row of homes which included the Stevens, Watts and Livingston houses as well. Next we go to No. 3 Cherry Street where our beloved first President lived a while.

(Continued on page 56)

Typical of the grace and dignity of 18th Century living is this model room at the right: furniture of this type is a guarantee against changing styles in decoration, for it has stood the test of two centuries

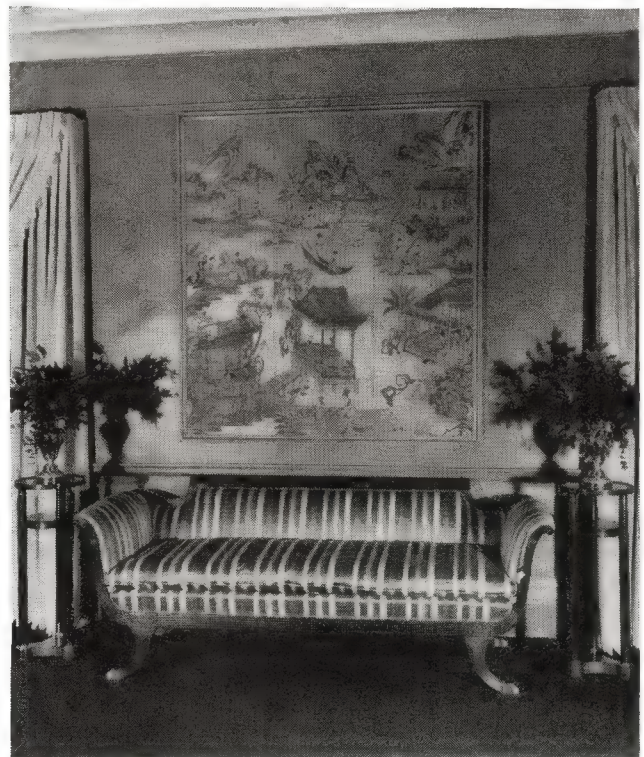
Below: Period pieces may be stream-lined in arrangement and detail. The coffee table illustrates the trend toward the blonde wood tones which combine so well with traditional mahogany



Flint & Horner



A. H. Stiehl



A. H. Stiehl



The Mahogany Assn.

Above: The Duncan Phyfe sofa is a distinctly American version of 18th Century English: the Chinese print fits into present living as it fitted into the works of Chippendale

Left: Stripes and checks were popular before the Revolution, and stripes are staging a come-back today . . . and young moderns are finding the breakfront as useful today as did their Colonial forebears

A Three-Year-Old for \$351.16

Wherein an Average Married Couple discover that
it doesn't cost a fortune to Have a Baby

By ELIZABETH CARAMAN

Condensed from *PRACTICAL HOME ECONOMICS*

AS I put the telephone receiver down I wondered what Edith, the busy career-woman, had on her mind that she should ask if she might come over immediately to talk with me, the housebound mother, about "something very important." We had known each other's domestic philosophy for years and had come to respect, if not agree with, each other's point of view. Hers: "We won't have children until John has finished his Ph.D. and is getting more income so that I can stop work." And mine: "We of the more highly educated middle class must not wait for large and secure incomes before having families, because most of us are around thirty when we marry and those of us in the professional fields know that incomes don't jump up over night, nor very high when they do jump."

I was sitting in the midst of a pile of mending thinking over all these things when the doorbell rang. "Betty, you can't imagine why I came to see you!" Edith said, kissing me as I let her in. "It's a new job out of town!" I guessed.

But she only laughed and shook her head and even before she could slip out of her coat she blurted out, "John and I have decided to begin our family!"

As I tried to recover from the shock she went on, "And we want to know what it will cost us. We want to see the figures you've been keeping on Dorothy these three years."

She sat down, her face suffused with happiness and told me how they had arrived at their decision. She was already thirty-two, she reminded me, and had been a career-woman for eight years, during the last five of which she had been married. Her husband, like mine, was teaching at \$1800 a year while he prepared for the doctorate. Between them they had made very good money, had taken many trips, bought a good deal of fine furniture, entertained a lot, had good clothes and had always lived in modern apartments—but now they had nothing to show, not even money in the bank. For three years, they had watched our joy in having Dorothy and had come to the

conclusion that our way had been the wiser.

"Frankly," Edith concluded, "the two of us have often tried to figure out how you could get along on your \$2250 income, paying tuition fees, insurance and all the bills that must crop up when you have a child. And yet you have no debt and obviously are very happy." She picked up a tiny shirt from the pile of mending and finding a button off, said, "This one needs a button; do you suppose I can sew it on?"

Here indeed was a transformation, so I warmed to my story.

"I have kept track of Dorothy's expense for two reasons," I began, "one—held by some to be a Republican trait—a desire to balance the family budget, and two, to silence with actual figures those otherwise intelligent persons who weary me so when they wail, 'We can't afford a baby!' when they have no idea what a baby actually costs. In her first three years Dorothy has cost us exactly \$351.16."

"Betty, I can't believe it!" exclaimed Edith, half rising from her chair. "Why, our three-weeks trip to Alaska last summer was more than that! I thought babies were expensive—ran into hundreds and hundreds of dollars. I heard Ruth's husband say just the other day that they are still paying off debts they got into when their boy was born two years ago!"

"Yes," I replied, "I know the whole Ruth story. It is not a new one. Their kind is always paying for things. If they weren't paying for the hospital and doctor they would be paying for a grand piano which neither can play—vanity bills. There are too many of us paying 'vanity bills' and blaming the new baby for them."

Itemize the Cost

I reached over and took from the side table the book in which I have kept an itemized list of expenditures for Dorothy, besides a wealth of other biographical data.

"This book lets me know how near the average Dorothy is," I said. "And as a record it will indicate unpleasant habits or traits she has maintained so that we can give our attention to them

that they may be overcome or altered; and besides when she herself grows up it will be of interest to her when she has children of her own."

I turned to the pages listing expenses. "The biggest single items in this account, the hospital and doctor, can be had for from \$45 to \$1000, depending upon the common sense, vanity or ignorance of the parents. Several of our friends have had their babies through clinics where the cost was from \$45 to \$75 for the entire thing—prenatal care, delivery, hospital and six weeks after-care. Others who had hospitalization insurance had private doctors who charged \$100.

"Some families judge the doctor's skill by his fee and think that because an obstetrician charges \$75 or \$100, he cannot be the best, not realizing that his fee is an index to his sense of economic decency figured according to his patient's income. Some of our friends condemn their obstetrician who charged them \$250 or \$300. How is a doctor to know you and I cannot afford such fees if we don't tell him? As a whole, doctors are a very understanding group of human beings and they try hard to help us when we are in need. Instead of blaming the doctors for high fees let us blame ourselves for not being more businesslike and for not knowing how much we should spend.

"But to get down to my own bills," I continued. "I had a private doctor whose fee was \$100 and I went to a ward for 10 days for \$45. I did not buy any special clothes, but merely altered two of my dresses. Six weeks before the baby was born I bought five dollars' worth of Birdseye and flannelette material and made four dozen form-fitting diapers; four gowns and three wrapping squares. In the meantime, friends had given me a baby cap, several shirts, dresses and other needed clothing, something most families can count on.

"As for a crib, mattress and bureau—a friend whose three children had outgrown them gave them to me. We painted the furniture and I made a new mattress cover for the old mattress. If she

had not given me these things, I would have bought them at a Salvation Army Store.

"For the first ten days after I came home from the hospital I had a girl in two and a half hours a day to wash the diapers and clean the house. When we let her go Bill and I did the work between us. Since I nursed the baby for eight months we bought nothing special in the way of food except cod liver oil. When Dorothy began to have vegetables I cooked and strained them myself. You can see for yourself whether or not she is in perfect health.

"As for medical care—my obstetrician's bill included advice for six weeks after birth, at the end of which time we went to the country and remained there until Dorothy was five and a half months old. Upon our return to the city for the winter I took her to a well-baby clinic, going as often as the clinic doctor recommended. At this clinic she was vaccinated for small-pox and inoculated for diphtheria. The clinic charged an annual fee of one dollar and the Board of Health charged those who could pay twenty-five cents for each immunization. Of course, in this instance I may have saved money because as a former public health nurse I knew something about clinics, but thousands of mothers who weren't nurses know and use public clinics. As for the other items, they are self-explanatory."

Here is the itemized list of our expenditures for Dorothy's first year, 1936-1937, everything included:

Obstetrician's fee.....	\$100.00
Hospital Fee for 10 days.....	45.00
Domestic help.....	10.00
Equipment:	
Kiddie Koop.....	8.95
White enamel bath tub.....	2.49
White enamel diaper pail.....	1.79
Birdseye rubber sheeting, 2 yds..	1.36
Cotton and wool blanket.....	1.00
Maternity slip for Mother.....	1.98
Castile soap, 4 lbs.....	.98
Infant syringe.....	.29
Brass safety pins.....	.19
Clothing:	
Birdseye and flannelette.....	5.00
(to make diapers, wrappers, etc.)	
Health:	
Clinic fee.....	1.00
Small-pox vaccination.....	.25
Diphtheria immunization, Board of Health.....	.25
Cod liver oil.....	.46
Brewer's yeast for mother.....	.55
Mineral oil for mother.....	.60
Total for first year.....	\$182.14

(Continued on page 59)



H. Armstrong Roberts

February 1941

JOHN SMITH, a toolmaker, worked for a large industrial organization for nearly twenty years. His wife, Mary, had never worked outside their home since their marriage in 1919. They lived with their three children—eight, twelve and fourteen years of age—in a modestly furnished home which they had bought just before the crash. Except for a \$5,000 mortgage on the house, they were free from debt.

In the summer of 1934 John Smith was put on part time, which reduced the contents of his weekly pay envelope to \$25 a week. With very careful planning, cutting out all but absolute essentials, the Smiths could live on this. But they couldn't meet the \$600 yearly payment due the bank on their mortgage. Should they give up their home? Mary naturally revolted against this idea. She would help. But how?

Among all their acquaintances only one wife worked outside the home. That was Mrs. Brown who worked in a textile factory. John and Mary recalled the gossip they had heard because Mrs. Brown worked outside her home. Some persons had said that her husband was no better than the stokers over at the steel mill. The stokers' wives had worked in the textile mill in town as long as anyone could remember. But the toolworkers and dieworkers had a higher standard of living. In their middle-class society the wife's working was frowned upon. It was thought to reflect on the husband's ability to support his family. Because of that, in this first discussion, the Smiths did not even consider Mary's going out to work.

Work at Home

The Smith house wasn't big enough to take in roomers. Mrs. Smith thought she might try to get some homework, though she had heard that most of it paid badly.

The next morning she looked through the "Help Wanted" section of the papers. The electric power company wanted a filing clerk. Well, she had done filing in an office before she was married. After a glance at her record, she was promptly dismissed with the words, "Sorry, madam, we hire no married women."

She thought: "I need to work as much as anyone. Surely this is still a free country where everyone, married or single, has a right to work."

The local department store was also advertising for part-time workers. At the personnel bureau of the department store, Mrs. Smith found several women like herself waiting to be interviewed. After some discussion as to the hours, she was hired to begin

Should Married Women Work?

By

DR. RUTH SHALLCROSS

Condensed from a survey made for the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs

work on the following Saturday. She was to get \$12 a week for five hours a day except on Saturday, when she was to work eight hours. Her thoughts raced as she hurried home. The children could take their lunches to school and she would get back before the youngest one came home in the afternoon. If she could set aside all of her wages, she would have just enough money in a year's time to meet the payment on the mortgage. By that time her husband would surely be working full time again. Their problems would be solved.

When she told her plan to John that evening, he was very much against her taking the job. It was out of the question, he kept saying. She could get some work to do at home, but not outside. Finally, after much figuring, realizing that otherwise they would lose their home, John reluctantly agreed. But only for one year!

All of us know a few cases of married women who work. From them we are likely to draw sweeping conclusions. If the cases we see are not typical, our conclusions may not be wholly fair. The case of Mrs. Smith is typical of the married women workers from middle-class homes where prejudice against their working is strongest. It is not typical of the largest group of married working women, who are in poorer families where the wife's working is taken for granted because of necessity. Nor is it typical of those few career women in well-to-do families who work only because they have an interesting job. Some of the married women workers are better off than Mrs. Smith; many are not so well off; but they are alike in lending their hand to try to

improve their family's standard of living.

Mary came in for her share of criticism for taking a job. She found that single women, particularly, were bitter against married women having jobs, feeling that their own chances were hampered. Many added that married women should not work unless they "need to." Some people feel so strongly about this that they have tried to get laws passed putting married women's employment on a "need" basis. Need is defined vaguely as "enough to keep alive." We frequently find it said that because Mrs. Jones' husband, for instance, could support her and she didn't need to work, married women generally do not need to work. It does not seem to occur to those who think this way that it would be like saying that because Mrs. Jones has red hair, all other married women have red hair.

If we were to judge by what we hear, we might think that married women had only recently begun to earn a living. As a matter of fact, the home was the center of production for both women and men until fairly recent years. The World War stepped up the trend away from home production and forced many more women to seek employment outside the home.

Roughly speaking, there are three groups of married women who work outside the home—those who work for necessity, those who work to raise their family standard of living, and finally those "career" women. More than two-thirds of these married working women are in domestic service or in low-paid manufacturing work and these

work from sheer necessity. Since these kinds of jobs are looked down upon, we may be sure that these married women would not work unless they absolutely had to. The number of married women who work to raise their standard of living is relatively small as compared with the number of those who work because of more serious need. And the number of married women who work simply for a career is negligible. Such women are, almost without exception, in independent business or in the professions. They include those women whose abilities would make them stand out regardless of whether they were men or women.

Standard of Living

The women who work to maintain their standard of living usually do not want to work outside the home, but they feel forced to do so, as Mary Smith did, for some special purpose such as paying off the mortgage, or sending one of the children to school, or paying for a hospital and doctor's bill.

The Federation's survey showed that practically all working women—married, single, divorced, widowed, separated—were working only because their families needed the money they earned. They preferred not to work outside the home.

The survey of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's clubs included a questionnaire sent to a sample of its 71,000 members to discover the differences between the spending habits of married and single working women. The questionnaire sought to find what the effect on purchasing power would be if married women, particularly those with better jobs, were legally prevented from working outside their homes.

The study showed that where married and single women have similar living conditions and home responsibilities, their buying habits tend to be pretty much the same. But a larger proportion of married than single working women own their own homes. This leads them to buy more household equipment and make more household repairs than single women. It was found, moreover, that single women rely on members of their families to do their housework to a much larger degree than do married women. One out of seven single women and one out of three married working women hire outsiders to do their housework.

The married women who work, the study proved, are largely homeowners, and therefore substantial purchasers of household

(Continued on page 62)

BRIDE'S DAY OUT

Why is it that a ray of sun
Seems always to have special fun
In slanting through a window screen
Upon some dust which I've not seen—
Until my cloth is tucked away
And I am finished for the day?
Were I that ray I'd never wake,
But give a tired bride a break!

—Mildred I. Reid

FROM the dawn of history to the present day men have attached great importance to dreams and their meanings. They have tried to find in them some hint of future triumphs or some warning against disaster. Joseph, a famous character in Biblical history, interpreted the dreams of the great Pharaoh of Egypt and discovered a hidden prophecy of famine and a concealed key for averting the impending tragedy. In our time the Josephs of ancient days have yielded their place to such modern dream interpreters as Sigmund Freud and Karl Jung, and the old, unscientific method of interpreting dreams as prophecies has been replaced by a new understanding of dreams as expressions of what really goes on in our unconscious minds.

None of us live for the present only. We lay our plans for future days. We consider the consequences before making important decisions. We worry over the possible bad outcome of some irrevocable acts. In dreams these cherished plans materialize and our highest hopes come true. Our wildest and most secret desires are fulfilled. Our worst fears are realized.

Dreams are indeed what psychologists call "wishfulfillments." But we do not always recognize these wishfulfillments because the language of dreams is not the same as our everyday language. Man thinks in two different ways. Today, when he is solving a knotty problem regarding his business or profession he thinks in words. But man didn't always have a language. In primitive times he thought in pictures. This early thinking was more poetic than our matter-of-fact, logical flow of ideas. Thinking in pictures still remains as the language of dreams. When we are sound asleep and our conscious minds have ceased functioning primitive imagery expresses our thoughts.

The Symbols of Dreams

There is another reason for this use of pictures and symbols. Even when we sleep our conscious minds still exert an influence over the unconscious. When, during our conscious lives, we have suppressed a secret wish with great care we do not want it to turn up like a bad penny in our dreams at night. There are some things we do not like to admit even to ourselves. But the suppressed wish takes advantage of our relaxed vigil at night and parades around, carefully disguised, in our dreams. That is why dreams seem so fantastic at times. When we wake up we have no idea of what that sail boat, or long tunnel, or hideous

Are You a Dreamer?

By J. S. LIST, Ph.D.

monster was doing in our dream, nor what the airplane had to do with the high pile of papers that we could not seem to get through reading.

reality, is a storehouse of everything that has ever happened to us, of every thought, word, deed, impression we have ever had or inherited. Nobody can possibly



J. S. List

as a consulting psychologist, understands the significance of dreams

In sleep we cannot determine anything. The determining part of us is off duty, and the part of the mind that never sleeps has the opportunity to come to the fore in all sorts of strange guises.

For purpose of easy explanation, the mind may be divided into three units: The conscious mind, the censor, and the unconscious mind. The conscious mind is the active factor of our waking lives; it directs how we shall move and think and talk. The censor is the screen between it and the unconscious mind. It is really a portion of the unconscious mind, but very close to the conscious or active mind. It is this screen, or censor, that changes our dreams into pictures or symbols, as a protection from the hidden thoughts of the unconscious mind.

The unconscious mind, which pays no attention to time or

be aware of how much that mind has taken in even during one day; that is, nobody could be aware of everything as it came to him, and yet remain sane.

If this does not seem impossible, try to remember all the things you have said and done, everything the eyes have seen in a day. You will find it interesting for a little while, but the very act of trying to remember will bring on fatigue, for you will find that you have absorbed more than you would have supposed possible, even in that few minutes of looking back. But the unconscious mind is never fatigued; it never tires of storing up all the material that comes to it. It began to do this when you were a baby, and it has been keeping it up ever since.

If it were not for the censor we would dream in an entirely different fashion, and would probably

avoid sleep as much as possible. An instance of uncensored dreams of this character is shown in those of shell-shocked victims, to which I shall come later on. When dreams are unpleasant, like the night-mare, the censor-barrier is weakened, and the dreamer wakes, because he is in danger of becoming aware of a wish that he has for some reason repressed. This waking, in itself, is another wish fulfillment, because we want to hold on to the fantasy of the dream as long as it is agreeable. Therefore, to avoid being frightened or disturbed, as we might be in cases where the dream reaches a conclusion, we come out of sleep.

Modern man is a very important and complicated human mechanism, and he carries an extremely delicate engine to direct him and keep him in active shape all through his life. This engine must be cared for; it cannot run continuously without rest, but, on account of the kind of lives we lead, it is pushed at high tension most of the time. However, it supplies its own grease and oil in the form of sleep, and it has a safety device which lets off the accumulated tension in the form of dreams.

In other words, dreams are our escapes, very often from conditions that are not entirely harmonious to us. Moreover, the office of the dream is to satisfy, and in it the unconscious mind tries to release any fears or uncertainties we may have had during the day, the week before, or years before, in as pleasant a fashion as it can. People are prone to say that dreams have disturbed their rest, whereas, if they had not dreamed, they would have slept even less.

When we sleep, we discard our daily cares. With the greatest unconcern, we find ourselves in the most extraordinary situations and wake up with the feeling of amusement; "How can my dreams mean anything?" we say, and "Could any sane person think that they fulfilled a wish?"

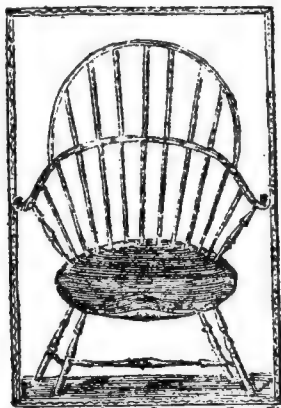
Wish Fulfillment

The word "wish" in the dream covers a wide field, and in a broad sense takes in all our desires, ambitions, strivings, and yearnings. There are occasions when we dream directly, but they are infrequent after childhood. With most people, conventions must be observed, and through education and custom we have learned to repress many desires and ambitions, which are out of line with our own demands upon ourselves in relation to conduct and society; therefore the wish is not apparent in the dream as the dream comes to us.

(Continued on page 62)

Where Queen Street, now Pearl Street, rose to a hill, stood the Walton house erected in 1752. It had finely proportioned drawing rooms on each side of a central entrance hall and was an excellent example of the home of an aristocrat of New York City in those early days. The mahogany railed staircase and all the fine details of the Georgian architecture may be observed in the accompanying picture of the hall. The first floor rooms were furnished with mahogany dining tables, card tables and stands. Gilt and walnut framed mirrors and various prints adorned the panelled walls. Some of the chair seats were covered in green worsted, and damask framed the windows. The armorial bearings, fluted columns and silver tankards well bespoke the patrician mode of living for which the Waltons were renowned. Very renowned! In fact such elegance of furnishing, gold plate and entertainment for illustrious men as Howe and André, led Parliament to base their taxation of the Colonists upon the manner of life in the Walton Ménage. The house was most unfortunately razed in 1881.

The Kennedy-Clinton house, erected in 1760, was situated at the foot of the Broad-Way where subsequently the steamship row of old and present New York sprang up. In the fine private room of Sir Henry Clinton the bookcases in the Gothic Chippendale manner were perhaps supplied by John Brinner on the Broad-Way. The carpet, as depicted in the illustration herewith, appears to be an all-over pattern of the Scotch or Wilton type so popular in 1777. It was from this very room that Major André strode with his final orders for contacting Arnold. When it was first built the rear garden extended to the Hudson so that a full view of the Bay and the



A D A M G A L E R,
WINDSOR CHAIR-MAKER,
(Lately from Philadelphia.)
In Little Queen Street, next door to the corner
of Great George Street, opposite HULL's
tavern,
Makes and sells all kinds of
WINDSOR CHAIRS,
Any gentlemen or masters of vessels may be
supplied with a neat assortment upon reasonable
terms.

When Redcoats Ruled New York

(Continued from page 50)

New Jersey shore was possible from its windows. Its drawing room was considered to have been the largest in New York City.

During the Revolution this mansion was occupied by various British commanders including Sir Guy Carleton, but never by Washington as has been supposed. After the war it continued to be a gathering place of notables

province of New York outshone the others. Life was full and lusty withal and mostly aristocratic.

The sailing ships from London brought many of the furnishings dear to the Colonists' heart; but many courageous souls were founding business in the new country. The universal store at the "Sign of the Looking Glass" at the corner of the "Ole Slip

JOHN SCULLY,

NextDoor to Alderman ROOSEVELTS, at the Fresh-Water,

MANUFACTURES all kind of Paper Hangings, of the newest Patterns, (to which Business he served a regular Apprenticeship,) and hangs the same in the neatest Manner with Borderings suitable to the Paper, which he also Manufactures himself.

N. B. The said Scully, hangs English Paper at Eighteen Pence per Piece, and will wait on any Gentleman, Lady or other, who may be pleased to favour him with their Commands, on the shortest Notice.

This advertisement appeared in the New York Gazette of November 30, 1767

including M. Talleyrand who was a frequent visitor.

The house at No. 3 Cherry Street where George Washington lived was built by Walter Franklin, merchant, in 1752. The inventory of the articles bought to refurbish the house for the President's occupancy shows many interesting facts. Thomas Burling furnished mahogany furniture for 46£, 15 s, James Chrystie furnished the glass and Queens ware, Andrew Hamersley carpeting, and Ephram Brasher, the silversmith at 79 Queen Street, supplied much of the plate. The total expenditure for furniture supplies and repairs was 4,567£ 2 s, 7¼p. There was many merchants honored by this patronage among whom were Thomas Gardner, table linen, J. & N. Roosevelt, china and plated ware, Persall and Embree famous clock makers, and divers others as mentioned.

The "Bouerie Lane" beginning at Grand Street wound past quiet country orchards and farms to the Beeckman and Duane estates. The urbanites' houses were clustered below the wall near the Fort. New York was then the Capital. The Governor resided here and the General Assembly held its meetings in the town. Good living was the rule and the

Market" sold marble papers, salt glaze, Bristol ware, Japanned tea boards and chests, as well as Carpeting — Persian, Scotch and painted!

Although the only true existing records and rare pictures and prints show little of the actual furnishings used at the time, we can through authentic sources visualize a room of the era, with Persian carpeting in soft crimson and blue, or a Wilton design. Walls were usually panelled at least dado high. The wall paper with a Chinese motif or a contemporary paper from France or England in floral and scenic designs were widely advertised. Mahogany and walnut furniture were of Stuart and Georgian styles. Parcel gilt mirrors and picture frames adorned the walls and damask draperies graced the windows with their deep reveals. In these deep reveals most often were placed window benches with upholstered seats and curved arms. Chintzes were of the XVIII Century's lusty purples, crimsons, greens, yellows and blues. Delft ware, Tumbidge ware and silver services, lacquered boxes were seen on highboys, commodes, chests and tables.

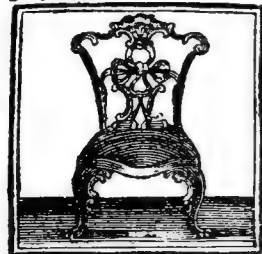
It is most interesting to note in perusing the newspapers of the period that nothing was more

universally advertised by the dealers than "furniture checks" in scarlet, blue, green, purple and yellow. There were to be purchased chintzes, damaseenes and moreens, and pompadour silks with the narrow stripe and floral design so typically French. Flowered damask much used by XVIII Century craftsmen were used then as they are today.

The Painters' colors were "sprush yellow," "verdigris" and Spanish brown. Venetian red, vermilion, Prussian blue and umber were sold by the paint dealers. Gold and silver leaf were equally popular and used on furniture, picture frames and many other articles. The newly arrived New Yorker had fond memories of his garden in Kent, and could assuage his nostalgia at the shop of Andrew Gautier in Price Street who had high back chairs and settees and double seats fit for piazza or garden. There was no lack of marble for fireplaces or hearths and our museums afford but few examples of these mantels of Gotham's yesteryear. There were brass founders and iron mongers where one could ponder over andirons, fenders, bells, birdcages and stair rods. Fabrics were scoured and dyed by one Dallas at the "Dove and Rainbow" in Chapel Street. He could stain dye and clean satins, velvets, brocades and bed hangings. For this was the day when beds had "elegant" canopies. The testor tops were covered with various fabrics, chintz, linen, net or damask. The statuary and ornaments included plaster of Paris busts of famous figures. The candle lighted girandoles and chandeliers were augmented by brass and silver candle sticks. Pewter was also the medium for many household items.

Wall papers were not only imported in sailing ships but made in our town below the wall. Right next door to Alderman Roosevelt, John Scully manufactured all kinds of paper hangings and agreed to hang the same at eighteen pence per piece.

Aug. 19, 1774-



THOMAS BURLING,
Cabinet and Chair-Maker,

At the Sign of the Chair, in Beekman-Street, commonly called Chapel-Street, New-York,
EXECUTES with neatness and dispatch the different articles in his branch, and will gratefully acknowledge all favours of his friends, and the public in general.

He has now made for sale sundry pieces of furniture, of the best mahogany, which he proposes to sell at the lowest rate good work will sell at.

Said Burling sells mahogany ready sawed, fit for carpenters in stair case building, and all other kind of stuff, suitable for carrying on the joiner's business, all which he proposes to sell on the most reasonable terms.

These advertisements, right and left, appeared in the Rivington New York Gazette of September 15, 1774

Laughs from Smart Shops



A FEW times each day a prominent Wall Street lawyer rises from his desk and walks slowly past his secretaries into the outer office. There he takes a leisurely drink from the water cooler. He has just one glass and returns to his desk, even though he may still be a bit thirsty. He wants to feel like returning within an hour or two. And he does return.

"How inefficient," you say. "Couldn't he avoid those interruptions by having a little thermos jug on his desk?"

But he wants those interruptions! They break his long, physically inactive periods of concentration, and provide him with the relaxation he values highly. Such short "vacations" from his desk, scattered throughout the day, pay ample dividends in the constant freshness he can bring to his work.

Unfortunately, most people have never learned this or any of the other simple relaxing devices useful in combating one of the chief bugaboos of our high-powered civilization — nervous tension. Its symptoms may be seen everywhere: biting lips or nails, wringing handkerchiefs, fidgeting, constant scowling, clenching fists, quick irritation, fingering the face, cracking knuckles or tapping toes. They are all evidences of residual tension, a constant strain of nerves and muscles which prevents the individual from relaxing. For, simple as it seems, relaxation is an art, unknown to most persons. They must start from the beginning and learn to relax.

To this end, Miss Josephine L. Rathbone, Ph.D., assistant professor of physical education at Teachers' College, Columbia University, has worked out a program based on eight years of study in the field of nerve and muscular tension. Her observations have formed the basis for a course in practical methods of relaxation.

Weary of Play

We work too hard and play too hard. There is no intelligent planning of life to establish a sane balance between activity and repose. We overwork as much in hectic leisure time, as from energy expended in salaried hours. And if that sounds strange, consider the three Park Avenue matrons recently enrolled in Miss Rathbone's relaxation class. With unlimited leisure at their disposal, they nevertheless suffered from "overwork." By planning their time unwisely, they had assumed excessive burdens of social and philanthropic activities so that they had driven themselves to a state of fatigue in which they could not possibly relax.

Let Yourself Go—Relax!

By LEONARD ALLEN

Condensed from *Hygeia*

Thoughtless cluttering of leisure time is not limited to the rich. Too many otherwise intelligent persons subscribe to the vicious theory that "you must always keep busy." A widowed teacher of 49, burdened with huge classes and petty routine all day, also tried to manage a household of three grown boys. In addition, she insisted on a crowded recreation program — swimming, lectures, candy making, crocheting, visiting sick friends. The fast pace left her moody and tense. Only when she lost her voice and was sent on a cruise by her doctor, did she try relaxation and learn its power to banish nervous tension.

Frantic striving for social or business success can bring the same discomfort. A 22 year old stenographer, impelled by an overwhelming desire to become an attractive and cultured woman, left home to set up an apartment in a Bohemian section of town, where she entertained frequently. She also joined art groups, hoping to find satisfaction in creative activity. She planned no time for sleep, and was generally so overtired that her few hours of slumber were of little value. Relaxing methods helped her, but only when she slackened her social life sufficiently to permit regular time for repose. A man of 24 was so intent on swiftly reaching his business goal, that he drove himself through a program of work and study that permitted only four hours' sleep a night and one free hour a week.

Such cases are legion. Both work and play lead to tension, and often they are joint causes. People unwisely assume that vigorous recreational activity will naturally neutralize tension developed on their jobs, but this may not be true. Unless rest is an intermediary, new exertion will simply create added strain.

Recreation loses much of its value when it involves activity too closely resembling daily work. A white collar worker who is confined to his desk all week often finished the voluminous Sunday paper and says wearily, "Gosh, I feel more tired now than after a day at the office!" He is not exaggerating. If sitting indoors and reading is his work, it should not be his relaxation. He should be outdoors in some active pastime. Prof. William Lyons Phelps of Yale, who has a heavy intellectual program of lectures, classes and writing, manages to play golf a few times each week. Former Premier Edouard Deladier of France used to leave his office and ride a bicycle through Paris into the country, whenever he desired to relax. Avoid becoming onesided. Make physical activity in leisure time balance mental working hours, or vice versa.

Rest is Essential

But no matter how you spend your leisure, always devote a certain portion of it to complete rest. Dancing, parties or movies do provide diversion, but they also present a constant stimulation. A quiet evening in an arm chair, chatting with friends, is invaluable relaxation.

Refreshed by the wise use of leisure time, you can ward off fatigue on your job considerably by a little further planning. Why not break up long stretches of work by walking about now and then? Busy executives have been known to retreat to a movie for an hour or two at midday and then come back to the office refreshed and energetic.

Others have set aside definite times for dropping activity completely. Former President Coolidge retired to strict seclusion in his room after lunch each day. A New York business man has put

a cot in his office closet, and lies down there for five minutes every hour. General Chiang Kai-shek, China's war leader, not only dozes off after lunch, but also saves energy for his heavy program by doing as much work as possible while lying on a sofa.

Tricks for utilizing every spare minute to gain rest are common to busy persons. Mrs. Roosevelt sleeps on plane trips. Napoleon's amazing powers of concentration enabled him to enjoy odd moments of sleep even while on horseback!

Why is it not possible for a business man to sit quietly at his desk a few times each day and deliberately detach his mind from business worries? A five minute rest of this kind is worth more than an extra half-hour's sleep. The housewife, strained with petty domestic annoyances, should drop everything and lie down whenever she feels like shrieking. "I'm becoming a nervous wreck!"

Break the Day Up

Regardless of method, get a complete break from activity somewhere in your day. A clever salesgirl uses this trick: When she comes home each evening, she undresses and lies flat on her bed for ten minutes, arms outstretched, with a water or witch-hazel compress on her eyes. Meanwhile, she thinks of something pleasant that has happened to her. Such conscious relaxation is even more valuable than sleep, because waking thoughts can be controlled to avoid disturbing elements, while during sleep the mind runs free.

Tricks to forestall tension are many, but the simplest one is proper sleep. And that is the device most of us forget. Napoleon may have said "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool," but even he snatched cat-naps on horseback. According to legend, Thomas Edison got along with four hours of sleep a night, but actually he kept a cot in his laboratory and slept four hours at a time, whenever he felt sleepy. But for the rest of us, who have to fit into other people's schedules, at least eight hours of sleep at a regular time and under favorable circumstances is absolutely essential for mental poise and alertness.

The value of sleep is intrinsically the same at any hour, but after 8 o'clock in the morning your slumber is often disturbed by the noises of a waking world. However, do not go to sleep immediately after finishing a tiring piece of work; let the wheels of your body run down to a state of calm before you retire. Otherwise, your sleep will be restless and broken.

SUCH IS LIFE!

At twenty life's a simple task,
A girl has only got to ask
For diamonds and a swell fur coat,
But soon she's in a different boat.

At thirty it appears quite plain
That she's upon the downward lane,
And men no longer act so sporty
When she's a wholesome fat and forty!

—Mildred I. Reid

A Three-Year-Old for \$351.16

(Continued from page 52)

Edith looked this over and said, "I don't see any item here for food."

"I nursed Dorothy until she was eight months old, then put her on whole Grade B milk, and when she began to eat vegetables, I cooked and strained just what we had purchased for our own use; the cost was too small to keep track of. For that matter even in her second and third years we could see no apparent rise in our family food costs beyond about \$2.00; whether we were eating less, or were eating different things that cost less, I don't know—but we never skimped or deprived ourselves of whatever foods we wanted.

The Middle Class Way

"Before Dorothy was born Bill and I agreed that we would bring up our children according to our own middle class way of living on a middle class income. We knew friends who slept on studio couches so they could afford a forty dollar crib and mattress for Junior, or drank canned milk that Junior might have Grade A, or certified milk, or did all kinds of extra work that Junior might attend private school. We felt that a child brought up in such a 'double standard' home would always expect his family to continue making undue sacrifices for him and we doubted if, in the long run, he would ever appreciate what they had done for him, nor would he be any better off in the end."

Edith made no reply to this, but turned to a consideration of the expenses for the second year, 1937-1938.

Equipment:	
Canvas carriage	\$13.00
Bleached muslin sheeting	.97
Flannelette (for sleeping bags)	.94
Clothing:	
Snow suit	2.50
Shoes, one pair*	.98
Rubbers, one pair	.50
Dress-up coat	2.50
Overall play suits, two	.98
Socks, six pair	.60
Panties, three pair	1.29
Shirts, three	1.15
Wash dresses, three	1.00
Health:	
Clinic fee	1.00
Cod liver oil, three bottles	1.38
Neo-cultol, doctor's suggestion	1.34
Domestic help	20.00
Playthings:	
Box of baby blocks	.10
Rubber doll	.10

Total for second year \$50.33

*Dorothy did not wear shoes until she was 16 months old. She wore no shoes or stockings from June to October. During the summer months she lived in her overalls and sun suits.

"Dorothy's high chair and play pen were given us by friends whose children had finished using them, so that we saved something there. Playthings, too, were given us by friends and relatives so that Dorothy had all the dolls, rattles, teething rings and beads any

child could want. Besides, I noticed that she got as much pleasure playing with a kitchen pan, cake spoon or old magazine as she could have had from expensive educational toys."

"But Dorothy has had a separate room all this time," Edith observed, "and I see no item entered for that."

"We paid the same rent before she came as we paid after," I replied, "so that there has been no cash expenditure. There has been a sacrifice, of course. Bill gave up his study and moved his file cabinet and study desk into our living room. We feel that this is only a natural sacrifice such as every family makes to some degree and is not setting up a 'double standard' situation."

"I'm not sure an accountant would permit you to omit that item," Edith said slowly—the career-woman asserting herself.

LIKE AN APPLE — ONLY DIFFERENT

A suave young man cannot be trusted

For though outside he's smooth and firm

His inner core may be all rusted

And prove him soon to be a worm!

—Mildred I. Reid

Our expenses for the third year, 1938-1939, included a heavy charge for medical attention and, as you will observe, the first expense for education.

Education (nursery school)	\$40.00
Domestic help (girl to stay evenings)	7.00
Health:	
Tonsillectomy	25.00
Doctor visits	26.00
Cough medicine	1.68
Nose drops	.75
Ear drops	.65
Cod liver oil	1.44
Clothing:	
Snow suit	5.00
Shoes, one pair	1.50
Shoes, one pair	1.95
Socks, seven pair	.70
Rubbers	.79
Overshoes	1.50
Overalls	.98
Sweaters, two	1.00
Dresses, three	1.00
Zippers, two	.50
Pyjamas, ready-made, flannelette	1.00
Playthings:	
Tin stove	.25

Total for third year \$118.69

First year total \$182.14
Second year total 50.33
Third year total 118.69

Grand Total \$351.16

"And this is *all* Dorothy cost you?" Edith asked. "But, Betty,

how about the later cost of education and suppose the baby had not been normally healthy and what about world conditions?" she half wailed.

"Not a cent more," I said, laughing, "and you know well enough that there are a hundred thousand homes in which the three-year-old has cost a great deal less according to the family income and to the family attitude as to what is essential to the healthful upbringing of the child. Most of our concern for our children is based upon the possession of material things. We forget that a humble, happy home is the best thing we can give them. Often we of the middle class have raised our standard of living beyond the accompanying rise in our incomes and there are fewer children in our homes because too many of us want to give ourselves and our children things which make for happiness neither in childhood nor in adulthood. We *can* afford to have children as did our parents if we use our superior education to weigh and measure that which the world offers us. It is a matter of choosing essentials."

"But world conditions?" Edith repeated.

"I believe in having some economic security before having children but I am afraid we go too far in wanting too much assurance of that security. We as parents need to have *some* faith in our ability to meet whatever emergencies may arise in the unseen future. Should we deprive ourselves of life's greatest experience—the joys, fears and responsibilities that go with the rearing of children just because of uncertainties in the economic, social and political order? Does anyone honestly believe these uncertainties peculiar to his own age?"

"The really important challenge lies nearer to home: *what are the essentials?* On what have millions of babies been reared since prehistoric time? On what the millions of farm children and those of the poorer urban classes whose ignorant mothers somehow or other bring them to adulthood? What should the educated middle class mother *add* to the bare essentials, that she may give her baby the best upbringing possible according to her own scale of living? That, I believe, is the question many parents do not take time to answer or, answering, foolishly belie their education when they deny themselves and society the superior children and superior citizens they are so fitted to bring into the world."

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BOOKS

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THOUGHTS FOR FOOD, a *Menu Aid*

This book consists of one hundred and twenty-five unusual menus, with recipes, ranging from intimate family dinners to carefully planned elaborate occasions. There are menus for brunch and bridge luncheons; for informal dinner parties and for ancestral silver occasions; for cocktail parties and evening snacks. Moreover, the recipes are not the usual run-of-the-mill found in the average cookbook: they include such novelties as fried apple rings, strawberries in orange juice, cauliflower with pimiento, cole slaw Singapore, rum cake and St. Cecelia sauce.

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THE COMPLETE BOOK OF PROGRESSIVE KNITTING, by *Ida Riley Duncan*

Knitting fundamentals, from the first "cast on" and "purl two" through the charting and stitching of complete garments are covered in this very thorough book. The author is instructor in adult home-making classes at Wayne University; she offers her book at a time when the entire country is taking up knitting once again. Not only is this a text-book on knitting, it also discusses the matter of knitting as a career; it tells the story of wool and woolens; it explains the possibilities in a shop of one's own, in writing feature articles on the subject, or in designing and manufacturing machine-knitted garments.

Published by Liveright Publishing Corp., \$2.50

Public Speaking

THINKING ON YOUR FEET, by *Louis Nizer*

Few people are born with the ability to stand up on a public platform and sway an audience, yet this ability can be developed. The author quotes the experience of many prominent speakers of the day, including Alfred E. Smith, Thomas E. Dewey, Robert Benchley and scores of others. The reading is enhanced by clever, amusing anecdotes and intimate personal sidelights. Perhaps you aren't a public speaker, but after reading Mr. Nizer, you'll be itching for a chance to try.

Published by Liveright Publishing Corp., \$2.50

DID you know that right out there in the heavens at night time, smiling down upon us with a wicked, cynical sneer, is Lilith—a black moon that does not shine and is invisible to the human eye at all times, except when it eclipses the sun or some other planet.

Lilith has long held her place in ancient legend. The *Talmud* credits her with being the wife of Adam before Eve. In Jewish legend she remained a nocturnal specter who assumed the form of a beautiful woman in order to beguile and destroy; in modern superstition, Lilith is the harbinger of bad luck and misfortune. And that is her place in astrology.

She is the snatcher of male children, particularly during the first seven days of their life. It is likely that the poor frenzied mother of Moses, when she hid her baby in the bullrushes, was just as anxious to avoid having him found by Lilith as by the soldiers of Herod.

Lilith—and her influence—must be considered in any horoscope, and in order to make a proper interpretation it is well to consider what mythology offers.

First Fight for Women's Rights

The story of Lilith is perhaps the first story of the struggle for women's rights. Ancient bible long speculated on the fact that man and woman were created at the same time—and the woman formed of Adam's rib was a later creation. Lilith was the first mate of Adam, but she was not a very satisfactory partner. There are many legends about her, but all are in agreement that Lilith and Adam quarreled violently about who was to be the Big Chief. Adam asserted himself as master. Lilith declared her equal right to be ruler.

Adam insisting, Lilith fled the Garden of Eden. Some legend says that she obtained wings in order to escape the Serpent, but rather than that she flew out of Eden, straight to the Serpent.

At any rate, she left Adam's bed and board. She had no mother to run home to, so she followed the other course. She went to the Devil. To the Devils, rather, for there were a great many of them outside the gates of Paradise.

Left alone in his Paradise, Adam cried out to his Creator: "Master of the world, the woman whom thou gavest me has flown away." The Creator sent angels to find Lilith, to persuade her to return to the garden, but she insisted that it could not be Paradise to her if she must be the servant of man.

She would not yield, despite all the angelic pleas. Punishment

The Earth's Black Moon

Lilith—Demon Lady of the Evening —Casts Her Influence in Astrology

By MARGERY FAIR

was threatened—the punishment that she would bear many children, but all would die within seven days. Still Lilith refused, but so overcome by the severity of the punishment was she that she threatened to drown herself in the Red Sea. At this, the angels relented, and softened the punishment with the promise that she might hold full power over all children for the first seven days of their life.

Eve Came Second

Because of this, some churches taught that children should be baptized before the eighth day, as the ceremony would weaken Lilith's evil power.

After the separation of Lilith and Adam, the second woman was formed—Eve, the mother. Now the Creator formed her out of a rib of Adam, so that she could never question her dependence upon man, so that the troublesome question of woman's rights might never be brought up again.

Now the Devils were created, and their chief was Samael, a fallen angel, whom we know as Mars. From the outer darkness Samael watched the happiness of Adam and Eve in Paradise, and he was consumed with jealousy. He looked about for a mate too, and he found the lonely Lilith. She became his wife, and a willing conspirator against God in His plans for man and woman. It was Lilith who beguiled the Serpent, Lilith who brought about the downfall of Adam and Eve. The Devils could not enter the Garden of Eden, but with Adam and Eve cast out of it, the world was open to all alike—Devil and Man.

The angels' punishment must have been lifted permanently, for the union of Lilith and Samael produced most of the famous devils, including Leviathan and Asmodeus.

In the present day, we have more or less forgotten Lilith, though astrologers are aware of the dark planet. It was to the ancients that she was important, and though Lilith has a place in all mythology, she belongs to old Jewish legend most of all.

Lilith has always been regarded as a wicked seducer of young

men, and she is frequently pictured as a serpent. In one old book, however, she is a woman of beautiful face and hair, with the body of a cat. At any rate, she is dark and sinister, and astrologists report that her appearance in any horoscope brings forth evil.

Her Place in the Horoscope

In the first house, Lilith has been known to produce irritating physical conditions; in the second house troubles involving money; in the third house there is apt to be difficulty with relatives. In the fifth house her complications are disastrous, particularly in love affairs. It is when she appears here, in the horoscope of a young child, that death may occur soon after birth.

In the sixth house, Lilith is frequently apt to bring employ-

ment problems, often produced by jealousy. In the seventh house, many horrible stories have appeared where Lilith affected relations with a marital partner; in the eighth house she brings trouble concerning inheritances.

In the ninth house, trouble is apt to arise on journeys, often through meeting the wrong sort of people; in the tenth house, Lilith creates jealousy, especially in business—or in politics, it spells ruination. In the eleventh house, Lilith brings more jealousy, particularly concerning illicit love affairs; in the twelfth house it brings difficulties with foreigners or foreign countries.

She Brings No Good Luck

In short, Lilith is up to no good in any horoscope. Fortunately she does not make her appearance frequently; for the most part she lies sleeping, like the black cat upon the hearth, and we are content to forget her presence.

Fortunately, too, we are able to forget her most of the time. She is an invisible black moon, blocked out by the shades of night. There is no glow of warmth to Lilith, no bright radiance by which one might be guided. Only when her shadow eclipses another planet is the astronomer or the astrologer aware of her sinister presence.

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Are You a Dreamer

(Continued from page 55)

The unconscious mind, not being hampered by ethics, and having no sense of reality or time, harbors within its bounds a desire to fulfill its wishes, which are many and strange; because while man has grown in grace and understanding, he possesses race consciousness and forgotten childhood desires, all of which can and do come up in dreams.

Children and Savages

Coriat, in his "Meaning of Dreams," gives interesting examples of the dream of the child and the savage: "A five year old boy, after having had a portion of Alice in Wonderland read to him, became intensely excited and interested; so much that it was necessary to discontinue the reading for a day. However, the next morning on awakening, he sat up in bed and said: 'Oh dear me! I am surprised to see myself in my own bed, because my Teddy-bear went down in a hole, and then I went after him, and then I swam in my own tears.' Here, evidently, was a pure wish dream, a desire to continue the day's excitement caused by the story, plus the desire to continue playing with his Teddy-bear."

The dream of the savage was that of a Yahagan Indian, who, "in trading groceries with a settler, stated: 'Me buy English biscuit and me dream me have more English biscuit and things and wake up and no got any.' This is an example of a pure wish dream like the dream of a child."

After early childhood, we seldom dream directly. That is what civilization and cultivation have done for us; but the unconscious mind, in which there is no forgetting, can and does go back to our race consciousness—the flying dream and the falling dream are instances of this. Now, between the adherence to what makes us good citizens, and what remains of an earlier day, there are bound to be what are called conflicts and resistances; the abnormal, or crazy man, shows them without restraint, while the sane man solves them successfully in his dreams.

This seems incomprehensible when you remember the form of the dream, and you might well wonder how the dream of a sleepy elephant perched on a big balloon could mean anything to anybody!

Frink, in "Morbid Fears and Compulsions," gives a good illustration of the dream form, a wish fulfillment and an interpretation. He says: "An acquaintance of mine once dreamed he was

kicking a skunk, but that animal, instead of giving off its usual odor, gave off a strong smell of Palmer's perfume.

"In discussing his dream with me, the dreamer, whom we may call Taylor, was reminded by the idea of Palmer's perfume that he had been employed as a clerk in a drugstore the time the dream occurred. This brought to his mind the following episode, which, as will readily be seen, was what gave rise to the dream.

"There had come to the drugstore one day a man who demanded ten cents' worth of oil of wormseed (*Chenopodium*) and, as this drug is not classed as poison, Taylor sold it to him without asking any questions. The man went home and administered a teaspoonful of the oil to his six months' old baby. The child vomited the first dose, a second was given and thereupon the child died.

"Then, instead of taking the responsibility upon his own shoulders, the father sought to blame Taylor for the child's death. The town was a small one, and in a day or so most of the inhabitants had heard his very untrue account of the affair. Then Taylor, who naturally was very unwilling to be exposed to public censure, sought to defend himself by setting forth his version of the matter to every customer that entered the drugstore. In a few days the proprietor, annoyed by this constant reiteration, said to him: 'Look here, Taylor, I want you to stop talking

about this affair. It does no good. The more you kick the skunk, the worse it stinks.'

"That night Taylor had a dream. It is not difficult to see why it occurred, and what it meant. By the proprietor's command Taylor had been robbed of the only means at his disposal to square himself with the public, and in consequence he went to bed very much worried and dis-

turbed. Though he dropped off to sleep, these tensions persisted sufficiently to disturb his rest. He therefore dreamed that he was still kicking the skunk, but without unpleasant results, for it had a sweet smell instead of an evil one. In other words the meaning of the dream is that he continued to defend himself and that good came of it instead of ill."

Should Married Women Work?

(Continued from page 54)

repairs and household equipment. Because they work, they hire household help, thus relieving the unskilled labor market where competition is very keen. By working they keep the family income at a level where household labor-saving equipment may be purchased, thus creating jobs in many industries.

It has been said that if married women were denied the right to work except on an "enough to keep alive" basis, the problem of unemployment would be solved. However, as the depression deepened, more and more women were forced to seek jobs. Married women, especially, helped their families in the crisis. Where the competition was keenest for women, in the teaching and clerical fields, many single women felt that married women had no right to hold good jobs. With all this pressure against married women in employment, why have not more jobs been taken away from married women and given to unemployed men and single women?

The WPA study on employment is filled with material to answer this question in general. Studies show that men have been affected by unemployment to a much greater extent than have women because unemployment has been most acute in the heavy industries (steel, oil, mining, etc.) where men are mostly employed. That is why the case of the Smiths is typical. The clerical jobs connected with these industries, which are partially filled by women, have not been eliminated to anything like the same degree as production jobs.

Women's Industries

Consumer and service industries (textiles, food, beauty parlors, telephone service, to name only a few), where women are mostly to be found, were not affected so seriously as heavy industries by the depression. Recovery measures chiefly stimulated the consumer and service industries, thus opening up relatively more opportunities for women than men. As a result, women have fared better than men in getting new jobs. Mary Smith was able to get work at a time when John Smith couldn't get full-time work.

But, you may say, if a married woman is holding a job, it stands to reason that no one else can hold it. This assumes that there are only a certain number of jobs. The reports of the National Industrial Conference Board and the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor show that the number of jobs is not fixed, and the expansion of women's employment (whether single or married) has not been at the expense of men's.

Those who charge that the employment of married women is economically unsound ignore the very important contribution of women to economic life. We all gain by having everyone doing a task for which he or she is best equipped. Some women can be most useful working at home; others may be most useful only when working outside the home.



"The Huntley-Johnsons have asked us to a crapsheet"

Say It in Spanish

(Continued from page 39)

From Puerto Rico to "Charley's Aunt" in Twenty-Eight Years

By JOSE FERRER

I WAS born in Santurce, Puerto Rico, in 1912, but when I was five years old my parents brought me to New York for my first schooling, which was in a Catholic academy. My father abandoned his law practice in order to devote his entire time to real estate, which, fortunately, could be done from a distance so that along with fulfilling his desire to have his children educated in the United States he was also able to be with them here in this country.

After several months of schooling I devoted myself to the piano so ambitiously that my family thought I would follow in the footsteps of Paderewski. However, the nearest I have ever come to a professional appearance as a pianist, despite this precocity, is in the third act of "Charley's Aunt" in which I am currently playing the lead at the Cort Theatre. It is here that I make my debut playing "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms." Happily I never strike more than half a dozen sour notes and nobody seems to notice so I keep on hitting.

"Charley's Aunt" is the famous farce by the English author, Brandon Thomas, written more than forty-eight years ago and delightfully describes a school escapade at Oxford. I am constantly reminded of happy days at Princeton, where, incidentally,

the director of this comedy, Joshua Logan, was a school-fellow. We never dreamed that we would one day be associated in the theatre, as we are now.

I have yet to explain to my father why it took me five years, instead of the usual four, to graduate from Princeton, but to you, my readers, I shall offer the explanation. The secret is that, in my first year at Princeton, I was again bitten by the musical bug and although I was far from an expert I organized an orchestra. The band gradually grew in popularity until after a while we had a fourteen piece orchestra.

In the beginning we only played for small parties and school teas, but little by little, as we came to be known we presided over the school proms and big events. Not because we were so wonderful, but because in those depression days the university could not afford to hire "name" bands such as Paul Whiteman, etc. They had to be content with an imitation. During the summer we toured the West Indies and one year we toured Europe. This

was the year that made five out of the four at Princeton.

Although my studies had been in quite another direction, just before I graduated in 1935, I suddenly realized that there was no use deluding myself any longer. I wanted to be an actor. This decision was arrived at as a result of several parts I had in plays at the Princeton Triangle Club.

To that end, I obtained a part in the comedy "A Slight Case of Murder," where I had only one line to speak. Then I performed in "Boy Meets Girl," speaking three lines. I subsequently had larger parts in various plays, among them, "Brother Rat," "Mamba's Daughters," and "Key Largo."

This past summer I met my former schoolfellow Joshua Logan at the Mt. Kisco Playhouse and soon became associated with this director as assistant director and actor in several comedies.

It was here that we decided to suggest to Producers Skinner and Tuttle that they revive the famous comedy "Charley's Aunt." The result is now being seen nightly on the stage of the Cort Theatre.

The night before the opening performance my wife, Uta Hagen, increased my happiness by bringing into the world our first baby, Leticia. Now I am glad that I studied the piano because each night I play lullabies to put our little daughter to sleep.

1. (Left) I fall from heaven, but I do not land in a bed (bath) of roses . . . (right) Too, too affectionate
2. The interesting aunt
3. (Left) The smoker's penalty—or, Smoke gets in my throat . . . (right) I almost let the cat out of the bag

Success in Shadows

(Continued from page 13)

trip was a grand adventure.

Only for one moment was she dismayed—and that was when the S.S. Brazil steamed into the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. Here was something very special—very special indeed! Here was a need for official dignity, for the confidence of achievement! For lined up at the pier—no, lined up along every important avenue of the city—was a welcoming committee the like of which Constance Bannister had never seen before in her life. Not even in New York City, where welcomes are handled in no mean manner at all.

Nevertheless, she kept her mind on business. With the first thrill of excitement passed, with the first social obligations accomplished (and enjoyed, too!) she

went to work. Her pictures of coffee loading, of sports, of the interior country . . . well, they're no longer news. They have appeared, in rotogravure sections all over the country.

After Brazil, she went to Argentina for pictures. She wanted to stay months more—years more. There were so many incomparable scenes! But there was something else. With all this beauty—with all the world waiting to be photographed, she had to get back to that color work. Black and white were not enough. They told only half the picture. The real impression must be in color, in natural coloring, so that life itself might be copied in its accuracy.

That meant New York again. Back to the studio—and the dark

room. Back to earn money for more equipment, for a better camera, for stronger lights. Back to school again, for there were so many things to learn about color photography.

She's learned a great deal, we think. Her pictures are everywhere—on subway ads and magazine covers, in poster displays and art exhibits. She talks at great length about kodachromes and carbos and washoff releases and speedray lights in a way which we cannot interpret on a typewriter. She talks the language of experience now. Behind her quick smile and little-girl appearance, there is the dignity and the confidence of a commercial photographer whose work has carried the stamp of official approval.



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